HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXXI.—No. 1590.
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1887.

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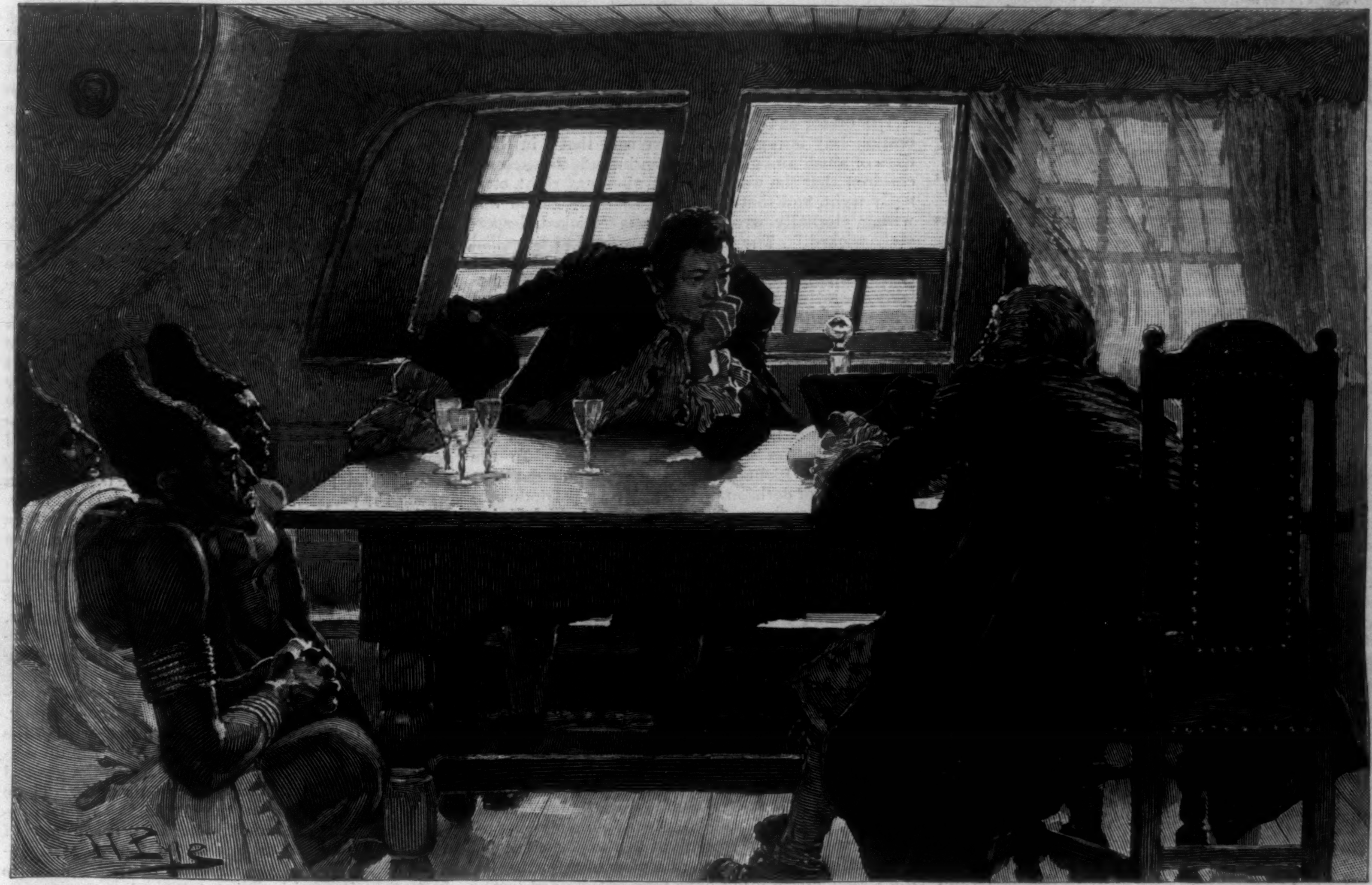

"MR. LONGWAYS LOOKED UP UNDER HIS BROWS AT ME WITH A VERY CURIOUS LEER."

THE ROSE OF PARADISE,

Being a detailed account of certain adventures that happened to Captain John Mackra, in connection with the famous pirate Edward England, in the year 1720, off the Island of Jehanna, in the Mozambique Channel; writ by himself, and now for the first time published.[*]

By HOWARD PYLE.

I.

ALTHOUGH the account of the serious engagement betwixt the *Cassandra* and the two pirate vessels in the Mozambique Channel hath already been set to print, the publick have yet to know many lesser and more detailed circumstances concerning the matter, and as the above-mentioned account hath caused much remark and comment, I shall take it upon me to give many incidents not yet known, seeking to render them neither in refined rhetorick nor with romantick circumstances such as are sometimes used by novel and story writers to catch the popular attention, but telling this history as directly and with as little verbosity and circumlocution as possible.

For the conveniency of the reader I shall render this true and veracious account under sundry headings, marked I., II., III., &c., as seen above, which may assist him in separating the less from the more notable portions of the narrative.

According to my log—a diary or journal of circumstances appertaining to shipboard—it was the nineteenth day of April, 1720, when, I being in command of the East India Company's ship *Cassandra*, billed for Bombay and waiting for orders to sail, comes Mr. Evans, the Company's agent, aboard with certain sealed and important orders which he desired to deliver to me at the last minute.

After we had come to my cabin and were set down, Mr. Evans hands me two pacquets, one addressed to myself, the other superscribed to one Benjamin Longways.

He then proceeded to inform me that the Company had a matter of exceeding import and delicacy which they had no mind to intrust to any one but such, he was pleased to say, as was a tried and worthy servant, and that they had fixed upon me as the fitting one to undertake the commission, which was of such a nature as would involve the transfer of many thousand pounds. He furthermore informed me that a year or two before, the Company had rendered certain aid to the native King of JEHANNA, an island lying between Madagascar and the east coast of Africa, at a time when there was war betwixt him and the king of an island called Mohilla, which lyeth coadjacent to the other country; that I should make Jehanna upon my voyage, and that I should there receive through Mr. Longways, who was the Company's agent at that place, a pacquet of the greatest import, relating to the settlement of certain matters between the East India Company and the king of that island. Concluding his discourse, he further said that he had no hesitation in telling me that the pacquet which I would there receive from Mr. Longways concerned certain payments due the East India Company, and would, as he had said before, involve the transfer of many thousand pounds; from which I might see what need there was of great caution and circumspection in the transaction.

"But, sir," says I, "sure the Company is making a prodigious mistake in confiding a business of such vast importance as this to one so young and so inexperienced as I."

To this Mr. Evans only laughed, and was pleased to say that it was no concern of his, but from what he had observed he thought the honorable Company had made a good choice, and that of a keen tool, in my case. He furthermore said that in the pacquet which he had given to me, and which was addressed to me, I would find such detailed instructions as would be necessary, and that the other should be handed to Mr. Longways, and was an order for the transfer above spoken of.

Soon after this he left the ship, and was rowed ashore, after many kind and complaisant wishes for a quick and prosperous voyage.

It may be as well to observe here as elsewhere within this narrative that the Company's written orders to me contained little that Mr. Evans had not told me, saving only certain details, and the further order that that which the agent at Jehanna should transfer to me should be delivered to the Governor at Bombay, and that I should receive a written receipt from him for the same. Neither at that time did I know the nature of the trust that I was called upon to execute, save that it was of great import, and that it involved money to some mightily considerable amount.

The crew of the *Cassandra* consisted of fifty-one souls all told, officers and ordinary seamen. Besides these were six passengers, the list of whom I give below, it having been copied from my log-book journal:

Captain Edward Leach (of the East India Company's service).

Mr. Thomas Fellows (who was to take the newly established agency of the Company at Cuttapore).

Mr. John Williamson (a young cadet).

Mrs. Colonel Evans (a sister-in-law of the Company's agent spoken of above).

Mistress Pamela Boon (a niece of the Governor at Bombay).

Mistress Ann Hastings (the young lady's waiting-woman).

Of Mistress Pamela Boon I feel extreme delicacy in speaking, not caring to make publick matters of such a nature as our subsequent relations to one another. Yet this much I may say without indelicacy, that she was at that time a young lady of eighteen years of age, and that her father, who had been a clergyman, having died the year before, she was at that time upon her way to India to join her uncle, who, as said above, was Governor at Bombay, and had been left her guardian.

Nor will it be necessary to tire the reader by any disquisition upon the other passengers, excepting Captain Leach, whom I shall have good cause to remember to the very last day of my life.

He was a tall, handsome fellow, of about eight-and-twenty years of age, of good natural parts, and of an old and honorable family of Hertfordshire. He was always exceedingly kind and pleasant to me, and treated me upon every occasion with the utmost complacency, and yet I conceived a most excessive dislike for his person from the very first time that I beheld him, nor, as events afterwards proved, were my instincts astray, or did they

[*Continued on page 418.*]

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[*] A brief narration of the naval engagement between Captain Mackra and the two pirate vessels was given in the Captain's official report made at Bombay. It appears in the life of the pirate England in Johnson's book: *A Genuine Account of the Voyages and Plunders of the Most Notorious Pyrates, &c.* London, 1742.

"Harper's Young People contains stories, poems, chapters on natural history—everything, in fact, to please and entertain its friends, the young people."—*San Francisco Post.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

An Illustrated Weekly.

The number issued June 7 contains the twenty-second instalment of "The Colonel's Money," by Lucy C. Lillie, *and the conclusion of "Two Fools and their Folly," by* Henry P. Wells.
There are also two short stories, one of which is entitled

"ONE LITTLE INDIAN,"

By WILLIAM O. STODDARD,

Author of "Two Arrows," "The Talking Leaves," etc.,

with an illustration by H. F. Farny. *The other is "How Grandfather Did It," by* Margaret Vandegrift.
"Athletic Training for Boys," by W. J. Henderson, *is an article of great interest and practical value to boys.*
"Living Timepieces" is the title of an article by E. D. Walker, *who brings to the notice of young readers, in an entertaining manner, many of the curious habits and properties of common objects in nature.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, June 11, 1887.

An Illustrated Supplement *is issued gratuitously with this number of* Harper's Weekly.

MR. SHERMAN AT SPRINGFIELD.

MR. SHERMAN'S recent speech at Springfield, Illinois, has been read with profound regret not only by those whose party ties are less stringent than his, but by great multitudes of Republicans. It is no secret that Mr. Sherman's friends had hoped to present in him a candidate for the Presidency who might recall the Republicans who would not support Mr. Blaine, and the spirit of Mr. Sherman's recent speech at Nashville was so liberal and patriotic that it encouraged the belief that he recognized clearly the necessity of conducting the campaign of next year upon something else than party traditions. Had Mr. Sherman been nominated in 1884, there would have been no Republican bolt. That bolt was then and still is described as a free-trade secession from the Republican party under the plea of personal dissatisfaction with Mr. Blaine. The falsity of this assertion was evident, because the especial candidate of the seceders was Mr. Edmunds, who is no less a protectionist than Mr. Blaine, and because some of the most prominent independent Republicans of that year, like Henry C. Lea, of Philadelphia, were among the most strenuous of protectionists. It was not unnatural to suppose that those independent voters might support in '88 a candidate whom they would have supported in '84.

The situation, however, is not the same. The actual administration of a Democratic President has removed many apprehensions. The impression that Republican control of the government is the only really safe control has vanished. The Republican party in opposition has done little to restore its old prestige. The first significant sign of its apprehension of the changed condition was the tone of Mr. Sherman's speech at Nashville. It recognized both the sincerity and the bravery of the Confederate side in the civil war. It hailed the restoration of national feeling and the revival of industry in the old Confederate States. It acknowledged that new issues now commanded public attention. It did not assume any surrender of what the war had gained. It did not conceal the fact that there were still wrongs to colored citizens in some parts of the old Slave States. But it stated distinctly that the present remedy was in the courts, and in emigration, and in the improvement of public opinion, not in legislation, and invited the whole country to regard the care and development of American industry as the chief and paramount issue now pending. The view that Mr. Sherman took of the methods of development was that of a high protectionist, it involved paternalism, and his policy was open to wide differences of opinion. But his tone was that of a statesman who comprehended the situation more clearly than ever before.

The reception of this speech by Bourbon Republicanism has plainly alarmed Mr. Sherman, and the tone of his Springfield speech is that of Mr. Blaine's speech at Augusta after his defeat in 1884. The speech is an unworthy appeal to old animosities and the prejudices of a day that is past. Mr. Sherman even condescends to stigmatize the party of the administration as a Confederate party and "the left wing of the new Confederate army." This is not an argument; it is merely an effort to inflame old enmities, which it is the duty of patriotic statesmanship, so far as possible, to appease. Mr. Sherman, as a student of great economical questions, is aware, of course, that the doctrine of a tariff for revenue as the true method of promoting national prosperity is maintained by men who are as patriotic and devoted friends of national union as can be found. To describe that policy as a Confederate policy is a course intended to suggest that it is favored by national enemies to promote mischief to the government and the national union. The orator's design is not to expose what he holds to be a fallacy, however honestly cherished, but to cover with obloquy and suspicion as public enemies those fellow-citizens who honestly hold opinions different from his own. In the same way his remarks to the effect that the administration is substantially a Confederate administration are mere incentives to party hatred. Does Mr. Sherman mean that no citizen who was a Confederate should be allowed to hold office? And if there be some wrong or outrage or impropriety in appointing such citizens to office, does Mr. Sherman forget that he and his fellow-Republican Senators are as guilty as the President? It was General Grant who first appointed old Confederates to office. It is the Republican Senate which has enabled Mr. Cleveland to appoint them. All such talk is wholly unworthy of a statesman of Mr. Sherman's character and ability. His Springfield speech will not rally recruits from the Blaine camp, if such were its object, while it totally destroys the hopeful significance of the speech at Nashville.

SLUSH AND GUSH.

THE orator at the tomb of General Grant on Decoration Day is reported to have said that "in these days of slush and gush one man intends to teach his children that the war for the Union was right, eternally right, and that the war against the Union was wrong, eternally wrong." It was "wicked, desperately wicked." The Confederates used to be called "traitors, and they were." Did the orator think that Grant was an apostle of slush and gush? Yet nobody more impressively than Grant declared that without the least surrender of any great result gained by the war, or forgetfulness of any great principle at issue in the controversy, the mere animosity and rhetorical fury of active war should be forgotten. Charles Sumner was not an apologist in slush and gush of slavery or of the war against the Union, but he would not inscribe upon regimental flags the names of battles between fellow-citizens. In the cemeteries at Richmond, at the very moment that these words of derision of Grant's own patriotic sentiments were spoken at Grant's tomb, to which Union and Confederate officers together bore his body, the graves of the soldiers of the blue and the gray were decorated in common with memorial flowers.

Respect for the courage and sincerity of an opponent is not admiration for his cause. The unspeakable pain and sorrow with which Washington signed the death-warrant of André, and refused his request that he should die as a soldier and not as a spy—was it only slush and gush? Would it have been worthier of Washington, more manly, more patriotic, to have reviled him as a desperately wicked and sneaking spy? Is it at all necessary to assume that no Confederate leader or soldier honestly believed that his allegiance was due primarily to his State? It was a theory which was absolutely fatal to nationality, and which, asserted as a defence of human slavery, was repugnant to the conscience of the Northern States. But, as a view of the nature of the Union, might it not have been entertained just as honestly as we held our view, which Webster had, in our judgment, unanswerably stated? The young Southerner who, like the young Northerner, left home and ease and the prospect of happy life to confront toil, privation, wounds, suffering, and death, must he be denied even sincerity? and his renunciation of happiness and his smiling welcome of ghastly death, were they all desperately wicked because the dogma of State sovereignty was unfounded, and because human slavery was an unspeakable wrong?

It was the fidelity to honest conviction which made a man willing to die for it; it was the personal heroism of a thousand young Southerners, not less heroic than their steadfast Northern foes—not the mistaken theory of the Constitution, nor the slavery which that theory sought to protect—which Grant and Sumner gladly acknowledged, and which the great body of magnanimous Union soldiers cordially recognize now. Is a single leaf of the immortal garland which crowns our Union heroes tarnished by owning that their foes also were honest and brave? Is a single defence of liberty secured by the war weakened or overthrown by manly admiration of the heroism which maintained a mistaken cause? Differences of every kind and degree there must be in this world, but he is not a wise man who assumes that every opponent is desperately wicked. It is the very men who are most considerate and magnanimous who would most tenaciously maintain every great result of the war. They do not suppose that when the Confederates laid down their arms they put aside every bitter feeling, or forgot in the moment of defeat the lesson of a lifetime and the most cherished traditions. They do not suppose that no rancor lingers in Southern breasts, or that all rights are respected, or that there is universal good feeling toward old antagonists. They know that Mr. Grady's speech was resented by a Bourbon sentiment which is still strong. Their view of the situation is just, but it is also generous. On Decoration Day it is that generosity which speaks, and its words are not slush and gush, but wisdom, patriotism, and fraternity.

ANOTHER VETO DEMANDED.

THERE is another veto which the city of New York would gladly welcome from the Governor—a veto of the bill for seriously injuring Central Park by authorizing an annual parade in it of the National Guard. Mayor Hewitt has spoken promptly and forcibly for the people of the city, upon whose pleasure-ground the approval of the bill would inflict a damage larger than could be repaired in a year. As the Mayor truly says, the Park is a great garden which is kept from deterioration only by constant vigilance upon the part of the police. A parade would assemble enormous multitudes of spectators, and they would overrun and trample down the very things which now constitute so largely the charm of the Park beyond the power of the police to prevent. "In my judgment," says the Mayor, "the amount of pecuniary damage would exceed the entire amount now expended annually upon the Park." The city is justly proud of the National Guard, and it has good reason to be proud. It is an organized and efficient army ready to appear at a moment's warning in aid of the police, amply to maintain the public peace and the rights of the people against mobs, riots, and anarchy. There is nothing necessary for its effective maintenance and discipline which the people of the city would not willingly see done.

For such a body there must be proper parade-grounds, and if there were a necessity that the Park should be surrendered for the purpose, there is no doubt, as the Mayor suggests, that the people of the city would acquiesce in the ravage and the cost of repairs, although the real object and benefit of the Park would be partially sacrificed. But there is no such necessity whatever. Ample provision will be made for the National Guard in the new Van Cortlandt Park, which, the Mayor says, can be made ready within a year. There is, therefore, no reasonable plea whatever for the passage of such a bill, and the Governor must see, not only from the admirable and conclusive letter of the Mayor, but from the strong and general protest of the city press, how great a wrong the proposed invasion of the Park is felt to be. It is only by the most constant care that such a public work can be held firmly to its object of benefiting the whole people, not as a common or mere open space, but as a retreat tranquillizing and elevating by its sylvan beauty and rural peace. There are always projects of invasion of the Park for many purposes, and the good sense of the intelligent part of the community must watch and protect it, or it will be speedily ruined.

The principle of local legislation is curiously overlooked in such a law as that which we are considering. The State, indeed, is bound to take proper care of the militia, or National Guard, but the city should certainly have a decisive voice in regard to the general management of its own pleasure-grounds. There need be no collision, but the city knows its own desires and necessities much better than the citizens of other and remote portions of the State. It is undoubtedly true that the members of the Legislature from the city—with eminent exceptions, however—very inadequately represent the character and intelligence of the city. But the way to correct such a situation, if correction be practicable, is not to try to evade the fundamental principle of our political system, but to prove by sharp experience that the city will suffer if it chooses to be satisfied with such representation. In the present instance the Mayor, who is the freely chosen representative of the whole city, has spoken unquestionably its real will very much better than the Legislature, and it will be surprising if the Governor does not heed him.

THE ANTI-SALOON MEETING.

THE anti-saloon Republican meeting in New York was not so significant as its promoters hoped that it would be. The address of Mr. Albert Griffin, chairman of the National Anti-saloon Republican Committee, was frank and unequivocal. He showed plainly that he regarded the temperance issue as more important than any other, and that he doubted whether the Republican party would become an anti-saloon party in a sense to satisfy him and his friends. An unhesitating and unreserved adoption of a radical anti-saloon policy which would drive every friend or supporter of the liquor interest out of the party, he declared to be the only way to secure a united and enthusiastic Republican party. Mr. Griffin said:

> "I know enough of the views and feelings of the enemies of the saloon throughout this country to say unhesitatingly that nothing short of a determination to fight this institution to the death will hold the temperance element in the party through another campaign, and that such a decision, followed by honest and persistent efforts, will draw to our ranks many more than will desert because of it."

This is precisely the tone of the antislavery Whigs in the time to which Judge Davis alluded in his speech. Judge Davis is one of the most steadfast and powerful of the opponents of the saloon, and his speech was trenchant and persuasive. But it was precisely because the old Whig leaders took the position upon slavery in regard to the Whig party that he takes upon the temperance question in regard to the Republican party, that the Whig party was overthrown.

He is certainly correct in saying that great reforms can be accomplished only by great and strong party organization. That is unquestionably true. But it is not the whole truth. To complete the statement it is necessary to add that the strong party organization must devote itself with absolute conviction and with its whole force to the accomplishment of the reform. It is not enough to profess an interest and to pass some laws. Judge **Davis** says that the anti-saloon movement seeks only to maintain the Republican party "fervently, consistently, conscientiously." But, as Mr. **Griffin** says, it aims to do this only upon the understanding that the whole power of the party is to be thrown against the saloon. Mr. **Windom** followed, emphasizing the remark of Judge **Davis** that it is not the purpose of the anti-saloon movement to organize a new party, but that it is its purpose to hasten the time when the Republican party "shall bring the mighty forces at its command into action gradually to restrict and destroy this evil." This is the tone of a Republican who hopes to persuade temperance men that the Republican party is their surest reliance. It is certainly not the tone of Mr. **Griffin**, who says that not a determination to do it "gradually," but to do it now will alone hold the temperance men to the Republican party during the next campaign.

The New York *Tribune* remarks: "It is stupid to talk about the rights of the saloon. Decent public opinion has resolved that it is a social pest, and that it has no rights." If, besides being a remark of the *Tribune*, this is to be the policy of the Republican party, that policy will not be gradual, and it will be entirely different from the view of Mr. **Blaine** in 1884, which was that the temperance issue was wholly a State issue, and therefore had no place in a national canvass, and consequently in the platform of a national party. If the remark of the *Tribune* announces the policy of the party and the Republican platform in New York and other States at the election of this year, and the national platform next year, and Republican legislation next winter should confirm the view that the saloon "has no rights," Mr. **Sheridan Shook** and his friends could hardly give enthusiastic support to the Republican party, while Mr. **Griffin** and his friends would unquestionably ardently adhere to it. But the signs are yet wanting which indicate that the Republican party is a temperance party in the sense that will satisfy those who regard temperance as the chief issue.

A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

The losing battle for party interests which the Republican majority in the New York Legislature played throughout its recent session culminated in the letter of Mr. **Thomas C. Platt** after the adjournment. Mr. **Platt** succeeds Mr. **Seward** and Mr. **Conkling** as the Republican leader in the largest of the States whose electoral vote will be very important in the election of next year, and his letter may be taken as an illustration of his fitness for leadership, and of the advantage to the party of such a leader. It is an ill-natured and insolent communication to the Governor of New York, proposing to make a bargain with him about the office which, under the law, Mr. **Platt** still holds, although his term has long since expired, and it is an offer which shows both Mr. **Platt**'s methods in politics and his ignorance of the Constitution of the State. "I will resign," he says, in substance, "if you will promise to appoint Colonel **Frederick Grant** as my successor;" and this he says after the Governor had nominated Colonel **Grant**, and after Mr. **Platt**, by inducing the Senate not to confirm him, had prevented him from becoming his successor. He chooses that the Governor and Colonel **Grant** and the Republican party of New York shall see that Mr. **Platt** will not leave an office until he chooses to leave it, and that he, and not the Governor, to whom the Constitution intrusts the authority, shall appoint his successor.

The Governor very properly has taken no notice of Mr. **Platt**'s letter, which has certainly promoted no interest but that of Governor **Hill**. To intelligent and sincere Republicans it is only humiliating, as deepening the feeling in regard to the party which the fact of such leadership publishes and emphasizes. The effort of Republican organs to make light of the situation, and to pretend that the party is fortunate in possessing such a leader as Mr. **Platt**, is but another sign of the party decadence. Ever since 1884 the Republican party, from the fact of its defeat, has been placed upon the defensive. From the moment that the result in that year was known the true policy of the party was clear. Its obvious course was to prove that, despite the blunder of the nomination of '84, the Republican party is the party of clean methods and of honest government. Under the circumstances it was not an easy course to pursue, but it was the sole path of safety. Certainly by no other course could it hope to recall the Republicans who refused to support the candidate of '84. The opportunity was especially offered in the New York Legislature, which was controlled by a large Republican majority in both Houses. But the Legislature finally adjourned with a general verdict from the press in the city, and in large part from the country press, that it was one of the worst Legislatures that has been known for many years. Its conduct in regard to the Constitutional Convention bill; the change in the **Vedder** bill to tax New York and Brooklyn for the benefit of the rural districts; its gift from the State Treasury to the Insurance Companies; the refusal of the Senate to do its Constitutional duty upon Executive nominations—these were among the chief acts of the session, and all of them have tended to repel from the Republican party the very voters whom it was the party policy to recall.

We speak of Republican responsibility, but we are aware, of course, that every Republican member of the Legislature did not approve all of its misdeeds. But the Republican Senators, who apparently perceived the great wrong of refusing to confirm good nominations, still refused. Refusal was made a party question, and in yielding their convictions the opposing Republicans assumed their share of responsibility, and are deservedly censured. The misdeeds of the Legislature were Republican misdeeds. They were deliberate acts, and they are not condoned by saying that everything done by the Legislature was not bad. It was a Republican Legislature, and it has lost its great opportunity.

FROM KENTUCKY.

A **correspondent** in Kentucky writes:

> "I see in **Harper's Weekly** of May 14 an article headed 'Bourbon Politics,' and in that article I see a quotation from the *Courier-Journal*, of Louisville, on the reform of the civil service. Your paper is read a good deal in Kentucky, and I have thought for some time that I would say to you that the *Courier-Journal* is very much mistaken if it thinks the 'rank and file' of the Democracy agree with it in its condemnation of Mr. **Cleveland**'s course in executing the law in regard to the civil service. I belong to the 'rank and file,' and know whereof I speak. We are with the President. We want none but competent officers, and are aware of the fact that as between the parties there is no issue that is worth as much to the rank and file, and also to good government, as a faithful performance of his duties by Mr. **Cleveland** and every officer under him. And to-day we honor the President for his faithfulness, and we clamor for him to be renominated. Party lines in our State are not what they were, but we demand men of character and ability in office, and we (the rank and file) hope to see the day when honest, good men will be in demand from one end of the country to the other, and the party whip will be ignored. I know I speak the sentiments of the thinking part of the Democrats of my State."

PROTECTION OF INDUSTRIAL PROPERTY.

Last year Mr. **Stallo**, the United States Minister to Italy, attended the International Conference for the Protection of Industrial Property, which was held in Rome, but only *ad referendum*, or for observation, and he signed the minutes only as a certificate of their accuracy. The object of the union is to secure to the citizens or subjects of the states that join the union the advantages in each such state of its laws in regard to patents for inventions, trade or commercial marks, and the commercial name. Great Britain, France, and Algeria, Spain, with Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippine Islands, Italy, Sicily, and Sardinia, Belgium, Sweden, Norway, and Portugal and its colonies, have already joined the union. The United States have ratified the convention, but have not yet acceded to the union. This accession will take place when the ratification copy of the convention is deposited at Berne, of which due proclamation will be made.

A translation of the convention and of the protocols is contained in the volume of Foreign Relations for 1886, page 548, issued by the State Department, which will be found. The two most important amendments adopted at Rome were one limiting the enjoyment of patent and trade-mark rights to the articles actually manufactured in the country from which it issues, an amendment for which England voted, and another providing that trade-marks shall not be considered fraudulent when it appears that they have been adopted with the consent of the manufacturer whose name is affixed to the manufactured product.

Mr. **Stallo** says that both these amendments were adopted in the interest of home industries, and against the strong protest of the delegate of the Italian Government, who thought them "in derogation of the objects for which the union was formed."

THE BRITISH AND THE IRISH IN AMERICA.

The political demagogues in this country who have been long playing for the Irish vote have apparently forgotten that there is a British vote also in the country, and that if the United States are to become the arena of British politics, this element, hitherto unnoticed, becomes of great importance. The Britons—that is, Englishmen, Scotchmen, Welshmen, and Canadians—have not organized themselves in America into clubs and associations to promote political movements in Great Britain. They have sought to merge themselves in American affairs, and not to assert themselves as British rather than American.

But the furious debate upon the Irish question arouses feelings among the British contingent of our population, of which we find an illustration in a recent letter to the Chicago *Times*, which states some curious statistics in regard to the number of British as compared with Irish in the United States. In 1880 there were, according to the census, nearly 215,000 more Irish than British and Canadians. Deducting 20 per cent. of these for losses by death and other causes, there would remain on January 1, 1887, of those included in the census of 1880 about 200,000 Irish majority. From the 1st of January, 1881, to the 31st of March, 1887, the number of Irish immigrants was 393,000, while the British and Canadians together amounted to 886,000, the British alone being more than 456,000. Deducting 10 per cent. for losses by death and other causes, and adding the remainder to the previous figures, there remains a British and Canadian majority of 240,000. The correspondent thinks that of these the Canadians are the most intensely British, then the Scotch, and last of all the English. But the Scotch-Irish in this computation, although included in the Irish total, really count for the British side.

Moreover, the British immigration is much more largely male than the Irish. The British immigration is in the proportion of ten men to seven women; of the Irish the women are the majority. In a question of voting power this is a fact of importance. The figures are interesting and suggestive in many ways. If, as we say, British questions are to become the issues of our politics, here is an unexpected force the general tendency of which it is not difficult to estimate.

PERSONAL.

The sale of the French crown-jewels suggests the fact that the costliest necklace of diamonds ever owned in this country was worn by the late Mrs. **Mary Jane Morgan**. She had a real passion for diamonds, and wore them in hair-pins, brooches, bracelets, and rings as well, but her special pet was a necklace, a *rivière*, of diamonds, which cost her originally perhaps $30,000, and to which she had made various additions until its total value was $200,000. One day she astonished a clerk at **Tiffany**'s by buying a diamond for $48,000 and ordering it to be set in her *rivière* as the centre stone. Diamonds that once glistened in her brooches, hair-pins, or bracelets were transferred to this necklace, and diamonds that no longer pleased her in the necklace were reset in the brooches, hair-pins, or bracelets. To her it was a perpetual pleasure to see the magnificent necklace increasing its magnificence. When she died, the largest of the stones were sold singly; but the necklace without them was so valuable that the Messrs. **Tiffany** bought it for $60,000. Soon afterward they broke it up, and for many months it has ceased to exist.

—Recent letters from Mr. **Seymour Haden** describe the great etcher as rusticating at his country-seat near London, and enjoying his usual health, but not doing much with the needle that gave him fame. His last important work, the Lancashire stream with cows standing in the water, is dated 1881, and through it (he said when in this city) he is content to be judged by posterity. Mr. **Haden**'s financial circumstances are very easy, he having amassed a fortune by the practice of his profession as a surgeon, for, popular as his etchings have been, they have never brought him in a great deal of money. He has always been as careful about the printing of them as is his brother-in-law, Mr. **Whistler**; and the principal article of furniture in his town house in London was for years a large press, operated by one of the first printers of the British metropolis.

—The late Miss **Catherine L. Wolfe** was in the habit of closing her magnificent Newport villa at 10 P.M., but in order that her cook should not be inconvenienced, she had a bedroom built for him in a corner of the edifice, on the first floor, which had but one door, and this door opened directly into the court-yard, whence also the room was lighted by a window. He could enter this room freely at any hour of the night, but neither he nor any one else could pass from it into the other parts of the house. The rest of the servants were expected to be in by ten o'clock.

—Of the four pictures bought by the Royal Academy of London this season with the proceeds of the Chantrey Fund, one was Mr. **Alfred Parsons**'s landscape, "When Nature painted all Things Gray," and another was Mr. **J. S. Sargent**'s figure piece, "Carnation, Lily, Rose." Mr. **Parsons**'s beautiful work has for years been as well known in this country as in England. It possesses to a high degree the rare quality of distinction.

—The daughter of Count **Leo Tolstoï** writes concerning the portrait of the great novelist published in **Harper's Weekly**, "I think the engraving is much better than the ones that were done in Russia, and resemble my father very much."

—The *Sun* prints the following: "Readers of **Harper's Magazine** of thirty years ago will be glad to know that Porte Crayon, whose pen and pencil sketches of life in the South in those days were so charming, is passing a peaceful and prosperous old age in his native State, Virginia. His real name is **David Hunter Strother**, and his service in the Union army during the war of the rebellion entitles him to the title of 'General.' General **Strother** is seventy years old, and in perfect health."

—One of the most industrious, as he has long been one of the most successful, of living novelists is Mr. **Walter Besant**, who recently gave to a friend this interesting recipe: "A man who works cannot belong to society in any other sense than the limited circle of his home friends. The time that is left when my engagements are provided for belongs to them and not to strangers."

—Senator **Stanford** is considering a plan to purchase a large tract of rich land near Davisville, in the heart of the Sacramento Valley, and divide it up into small farms for the accommodation of settlers, allowing them to pay for the land in instalments.

—Madame **Modjeska** has changed her plans, and will spend the summer on her son's ranch in Nebraska.

—The statue by **Augustus St. Gaudens** of "The Puritan," a heroic work, singularly massive and serious, has just been successfully cast in Philadelphia. The head is a most striking and suggestive expression of the nobly severe Puritan spirit.

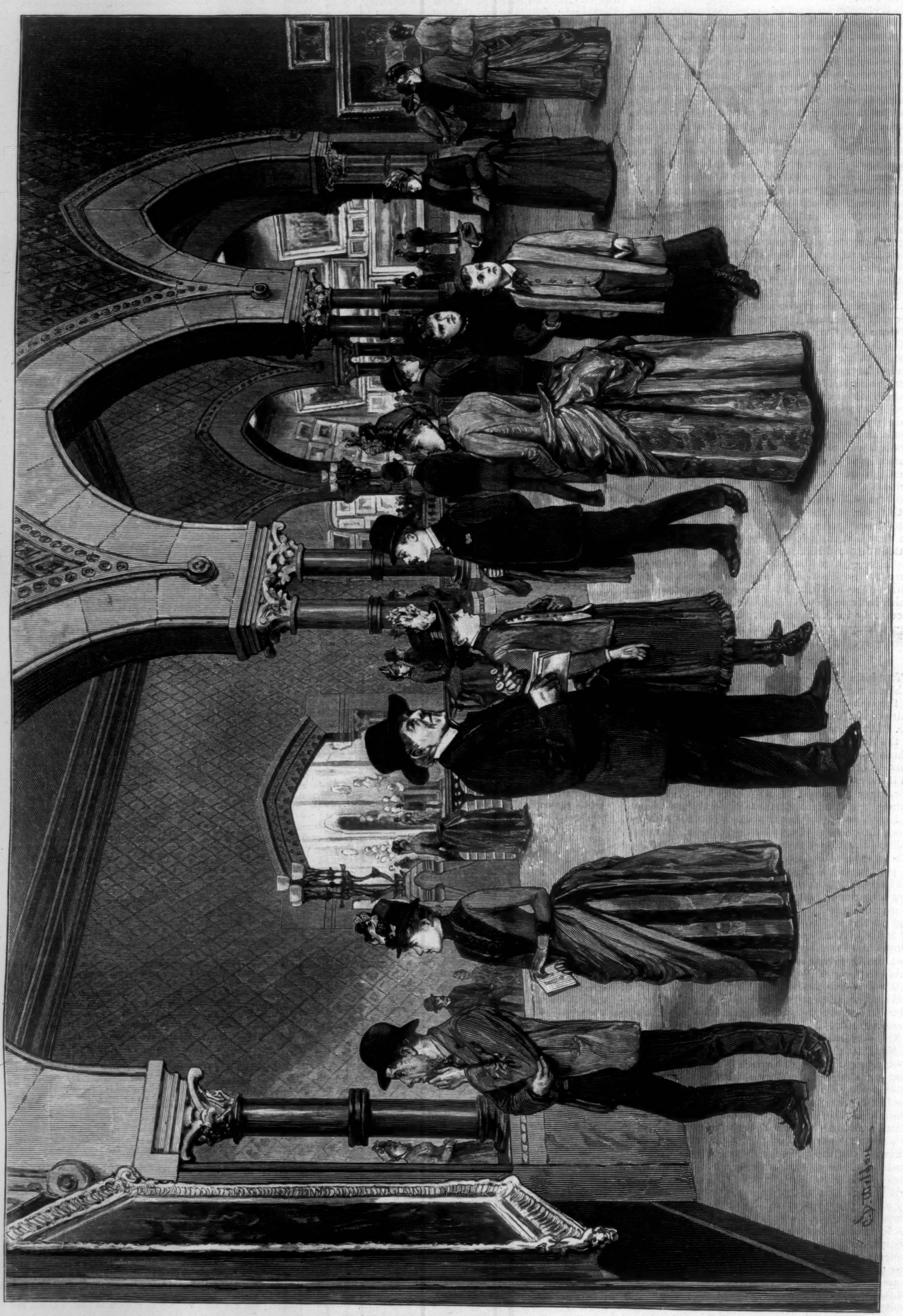
—Mr. **Levi Z. Leiter**, who has recently occupied Mr. **Blaine**'s house in Washington, has gone to Europe with his family for a year's tour. He went West from Pennsylvania thirty-five years ago a poor boy, and is now rated at $5,000,000, owning more improved Chicago business property than any other one man.

—A picture from **Harper's Weekly** illustrating what is known in Chicago as "the bridge nuisance" occupies a prominent place in the office of Mayor **Roche**, of that city.

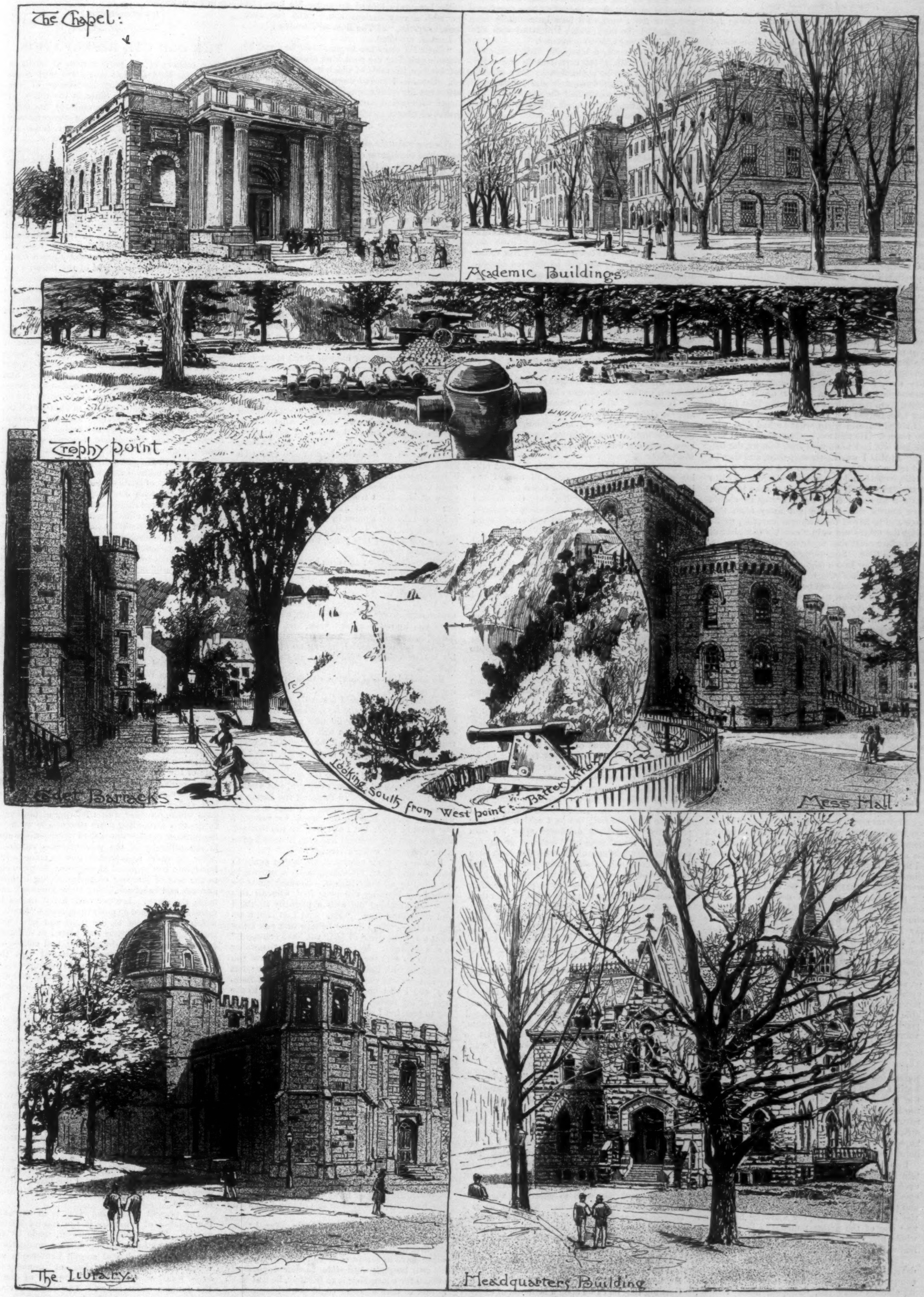
—Senator **Jones**, of Nevada, may be seen any day on Montgomery or Pine Street, San Francisco, threading his way among the excited stock brokers. His large head is usually covered with a black slouch hat, but his face, once seen, is not easily forgotten. He has the fresh, ruddy complexion of a farmer, and he bears no sign of the hard work he has done. The Senator is one of the few mining millionaires who are popular on the Comstock. The miners believe in him because he has always championed their cause and insisted upon good pay for working in the deep mines of the Comstock lode.

—Mr. **J. I. Case**, who lives at Racine, Wisconsin, and is the owner of the famous trotter Jay-Eye-See, has purchased a beautiful place in southern California, and will hereafter spend his winters there.

—The late Dr. **Hugh J. Glenn**, of Colusa County, California, was regarded as the largest wheat grower in this country, with the possible exception of some of the Bonanza wheat farmers of Dakota. He had 70,000 acres of land in Colusa County, and one could ride for seventeen miles along the Sacramento River without leaving his possessions. He had 40,000 acres sown in wheat, and in harvest-time a small army of men were employed. It was thought when he died, about two years ago, that the great ranch would be split up, and would thus afford homes to hundreds of families; but the heirs decided to allow it to remain intact, and this year the manager of the estate reports that fully as much land is in wheat as during the doctor's life.



A FREE SUNDAY AT THE PHILADELPHIA ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.—Drawn by C. D. Weldon.—[See Page 419.]


The Chapel.
Academic Buildings
Trophy Point
Cadet Barracks
Looking South from West Point: Battery Knox
Mess Hall
The Library
Headquarters Building

SKETCHES AT WEST POINT.—Drawn by Harry Fenn from Photographs.—[See Page 418.]

THE ROSE OF PARADISE.

[*Continued from front page.*]

mislead me in my sentiments, as they are so apt to do upon similar occasions.

After a voyage somewhat longer than usual, and having stopped at St. Helena, which hath of late been one of our stations, we sighted the southern coast of Madagascar about the middle of July, and on the eighteenth dropped anchor in a little bay on the eastern side of the island of Jehanna, not being able to enter into the harbor which lyeth before the king's town because of the shallowness of the water and the lack of a safe anchorage, which is mightily necessary along such a treacherous and dangerous coast. In the same harbor we found two other vessels—one the *Greenwich*, Captain Kirby, an English ship; the other an Ostender, a great, clumsy, tub-shaped craft.

I was much put about that I could get no nearer to the king's town than I then was, it being some seven or eight leagues away around the northern end of the island. I was the more vexed that we could not well come to it in boats, other than by a long reach around the cape to the northward, which would increase the journey to wellnigh thirty miles. Besides all this, I was further troubled upon learning from Captain Kirby of the *Greenwich* that the pirates had been very troublesome in these waters for some time past. He said that having been ashore soon after he had come to that place, in search of a convenient spot to take in water, he had found fourteen pirates that had come in their canoes from the Mayotta, where the pirate ship to which they belonged, viz., the *Indian Queen*, two hundred and fifty tons, twenty-eight guns, and ninety men, commanded by Captain Oliver de la Bouche, bound from the Guinea coast to the East Indies, had been bulged and lost.

I asked Captain Kirby what he had done with the rogues. He told me, nothing at all, and that the less one had to do with such fellows, the better. At this I was vastly surprised, and that he had taken no steps to put an end to such a nest of vile, wicked, and bloody-minded wretches when he had it so clearly in his power to take fourteen of them at once; more especially as he should have known that if they got away from that place and to any of their companions, they would bring the others not only about his ears, but of every other craft that might be lying in the harbor at the time. Something to this effect I said, whereat he flew into a mighty huff, and said that if I had seen half the experience that he had been through I would not be so free in my threats of doing this or that to a set of wretches no better than so many devils from hell, who would cut a man's throat without any scruples either of fear or remorse.

To all this I made no rejoinder, for the pirates were far enough away by this time, and I was willing to suppose that Captain Kirby had done what he judged to be best in the matter. Yet the getting away of those evil wretches brought more trouble upon me than had happened in all my life before.

But, as was said before, I was in a pretty tub of pickle with all those things; for I could not bring my ship to anchor in any reasonable distance of the king's town, nor could I leave her and go on such a journey as would take a day or more, lest the pirates should come along in my absence. Neither did I like to send any of the officers under me to execute the commission, it being one of such exceeding delicacy and secrecy. At this juncture, and all of my passengers knowing that we could not leave that place till I had communicated certain papers to the Company's agent at the king's town, comes Captain Leach to me and volunteers to deliver the pacquet addressed to Mr. Longways. At first I was but little inclined to accept of his complacency, but having a secret feeling that I might be wronging him by my prejudice against him, I determined to give second thought to the matter before I hastily declined his offer of aid. Indeed, I may truthfully say I would have felt more inclined to refuse his assistance if I had entertained a more high opinion of his person. As it was, I could see no reason for not accepting his offer; he was regarded everywhere as a man of rectitude and of honor, and I had no real grounds to impeach this opinion; so the end of the business was that I accepted his aid with the best face that I was able to command, though that was with no very good grace, and gave him leave to choose ten volunteers as a boat's crew for the expedition.

II.

(The reader will be pleased to observe that, in pursuance of the plan above indicated, I here begin a second part or chapter of my narrative, the first dealing with our voyage out as far as the island of Jehanna, and matters of a kindred nature, whilst the following relates to an entirely different subject, namely, the nature of the trust imposed upon me, mention only of which has heretofore been made.)

I do not now nor ever have believed that Captain Leach had any other designs in offering to execute my commission than that of seizing so excellent an opportunity to see a strange country and people after a long and tiresome voyage upon the sea. Nevertheless, my allowing him to go was one of the greatest mistakes in all of my whole life, and cost me dearly enough before I had redeemed it.

The expedition under him was gone for three days, at the end of which time he returned, in company with a great canoe manned by a crew of about twenty tall, strapping black fellows, and with two or three sitting in the stern-sheets of the craft, bedecked with feathers and beads, whom I knew to be chiefs or warriors.

In the *Cassandra's* boat was a stranger who sat beside Captain Leach, talking very gayly, and who I knew could be none other than Mr. Longways, the Company's agent.

So soon as the *Cassandra's* boat had come alongside he skipped up the side like a monkey, and gave me a very civil bow immediately his feet touched the deck, which I returned with all the gravity I was able to command.

Mr. Longways was a lean, slim little man, and was dressed with great care, and in the very latest fashion that he could obtain; from which, and his polite, affected manners and grimaces, I perceived that he rarely had the opportunity of coming upon board of a craft where there were ladies as passengers.

After Mr. Longways came Captain Leach, and after him the three great, tall, native chiefs, half naked, and with hair dressed after a most strange, curious fashion. At first they would have prostrated themselves at my feet, but I prevented them; whereupon they took my hand and set it upon their heads, which was anything but pleasant, their hair being thick with gums and greases.

I presently led the way to my cabin, the chiefs following close at our heels, and Mr. Longways walking beside me, grimacing like a little old monkey in a vastly affected manner. Nor could I forbear smiling to see how he directed his observations toward the ladies, and more especially Mistress Pamela, who stood at the rail of the deck above.

Mr. Longways carried in his hand a strong iron dispatch-box, about the bigness of those used by the runners at the Bank, and so soon as we had come into my cabin he clapped it down upon the table with a great noise.

"There!" says he, fetching a deep sigh; "I, for one, am glad to be quit of it."

"Why," says I, "Mr. Longways, is there then so much in the little compass of that box?"

"Indeed yes," says he; "enough to make you and me rich men for our lives."

"I wonder, then," says I, laughing, "that you should bring it so easily to me, when you might have made off with it yourself, and no one the wiser."

"No, no," says he, quite seriously, without taking my jest, and jerking his head toward the black chiefs, who had squatted down upon their hams nigh to the table—"No, no. Our friends yonder have had their eyes on me sharply enough, though they do not understand one single word that we are saying to one another."

While we had been conversing I had fetched out a decanter of port and five glasses, and had poured out wine for all hands, which the black men drank with as great pleasure as Mr. Longways and myself.

After Mr. Longways had finished, he smacked his lips and set down his glass with a great air. "And now," says he, with a comical grimace of vanity and self-importance, "let us to business without loss of more time. First of all, I have to ask you, sir, do you know what all this treasure is for?"

I told him yes, that Mr. Evans had informed me that it was as payment for certain aid which the East India Company had rendered to the king of that country.

"And how," says he, very slowly, and cocking his head upon one side—"And how do you think our King Coffee is to make such payments? By bills upon the Bank of Africa? No, no. The treasure is all in this box, every farthing of it; and I, sir, have been chosen by the honorable East India Company to have sole and entire charge of it for more than two weeks past." Here he looked at me very hard, as though he thought I would have made some remark upon what he had told me; but as I said nothing he presently resumed his discourse, after his own fashion. "I see," says he, "that you do not appreciate the magnitude of the trust that hath been imposed upon me. I shall show you, sir." And without more ado he fetched up a bunch of keys out of his pocket. He looked at them one after another until he found one somewhat smaller than the rest, and with very curiously wrought guards. "Look at this," says he; "there are only three in the world like it. I hold one, King Coffee the other, and the Governor of Bombay the third." So saying, he thrust the key into the lock of the dispatch-box.

"Stop a bit, sir," said I, very seriously, and laying my hand on his arm. "Have you very well considered what you are doing? Mr. Evans, the Company's agent, said nothing to me concerning the nature of the trust that was to be imposed upon me further than it was of very great value, and without you have received instructions to tell me further concerning this business, I much misdoubt that the Company intended me to be further informed as to its nature."

"Why, look'ee, Captain Mackra," says he, testily, "Tom Evans is one man and I am another, and I tell you further that I am as important an agent as he, even though he does live in London and I in this outrageous heathen country. Even if I had not intended showing you this treasure before, I would show it to you now, for I do not choose that anybody should think that Tom Evans is a man of more importance than I." So saying, and without more ado, he gave a quick turn to the key, and flung back the lid of the box.

I happened just then to glance at the three chiefs, and saw that they were watching us as a cat watches at a mouse hole; but so soon as they saw me observing them they turned their eyes away so quickly that I hardly felt sure that I had seen them.

Inside of the box was a great lot of dried palm-leaf fibre wrapped around a ball of cotton, which Mr. Longways lifted very carefully and gently. Opening this, he came upon a little roll of dressed skin like the chamois-leather such as the jewellers and watch-makers use, and which was tied all about very carefully with a stout cord of palm fibre. Mr. Longways began laboriously to untie the knot in this cord, and, though I cannot tell why, there was something about the whole business that set my heart to beating very thickly and heavily within my breast.

Mr. Longways looked up under his brows at me with a very curious leer. "Did you ever hear," says he, "of The Rose of Paradise?"

I shook my head.

"Then I'll show her to you," said he; and he began unwinding the cord from about the roll of soft leather, the folds of which he presently opened. Then, as I looked down into his hand and saw what lay within the dressed skin, I was so struck with amazement that I could not find either breath or tongue to utter one single word.

III.

It was a ruby, the most beautiful I had ever seen, and about the bigness of a pigeon's egg.

At the sight of this prodigious jewel I was so disturbed in my spirits that I trembled as though with an ague, while the sweat started out of my forehead in great drops. "For the love of the Lord, put it up, man!" I cried, so soon as I could find breath and wits.

There was something in my voice that must have frightened Mr. Longways, for he looked mightily disturbed and taken aback; but he presently tried to pass it off for a jest. "Come, come," says he, as he wrapped up the stone in the soft leather again—"Come, come; it's all between friend and friend, and no harm done."

But to this I answered not a word, but began walking up and down the cabin, so affected by what I had seen that I could neither recover my spirits nor regain my composure. The more I thought over the business, the less I liked it; for if anything should now happen to the stone, and it should be lost, every suspicion would fall upon me, since I was possessed of the knowledge of the value of that which was given into my charge. I could not but marvel at the foolish and magpie vanity of Mr. Longways that should thus lead him to betray to an unknown stranger what even I, though so ignorant of the value of such gems, could easily perceive was a vast incalculable treasure such as would make any one man rich for a whole lifetime; and even to this very day it is a matter of admiration to me why the East India Company should have put such a man in a place of important trust, the only reason that I can assign being that no better man could be found to take the agency in that place.

"Look'ee," said I, turning to him suddenly, "have you told of this jewel, this Rose of Paradise, to any one else?"

"Why—" says he; and then he stopped, and began gnawing his nether lip in a peevish fashion.

"Come, come," says I, "speak out plain, Master Longways, for this is no time for dillydallying."

"Well," says he, blurting out his words, "I did say something of it to Captain Leach, who, I would have you know, is a gentleman, and a man of honor into the bargain."

"And tell me," said I, paying no attention to his braggadocio air, "did you show the stone to him also?"

He looked up and down, as though not knowing what to say.

"Come, come, sir," said I, sternly, after waiting for a moment or two and he not answering me—"Come, come, sir, I should like to have an answer, if you please. You will recollect that this trust now concerns not only you, but also myself, and if anything happens to the jewel, I will be called upon to answer for it as well as yourself; so, as I said, you will answer my question."

"Why," says he, "Master Captain, and what if I did? Do you mean to impeach the honor of Captain Leach? I did show it to him one day when we stopped along the beach for water, if you must be told; but I can promise you that not another soul but yourself has seen it since I gave King Coffee my written receipt for it."

I made no more comment, but began again to walk up and down the cabin, vastly disturbed in my mind by all that I heard. Nothing could be gained by blaming the poor fool, who all this time sat watching me with a mightily troubled and disquieted face. "Sir," said I, at last, turning to him—"Sir, I do not believe that you know what a serious piece of folly you have committed in this business. By rights I should have nothing more to do with the matter, but should leave you to settle it with the Company as you choose; but my instructions were to deliver the stone at Bombay, and I will undertake to do my part to the best of my power. I have nothing of blame to say to you, but I must tell you plain that I cannot have you longer about my ship; I do not wish to order you to leave, but I will be vastly obliged to you if you can return to the king's town without longer stay."

At this address Mr. Longways grew very red in the face. "Sir! sir!" he cried; "do you dare to order me, an agent of the East India Company, to leave one of that Company's own ships?"

"That," said I, "you must salt to suit your own taste."

"Very well!" cried he; "give me a receipt for the stone, and I'll go, though I tell you plain that the Company shall hear of the fashion in which you have been pleased to treat me."

I made no further answer to his words, but sat down and wrote out the receipt, specifying, however, the manner in which The Rose of Paradise had been shown both to Captain Leach and to myself.

For a while Mr. Longways hotly refused to accept it in the form in which it was writ, but finding that he could get no better, and that he would either have to accept of it or retain the stone in his own keeping until some further opportunity offered for consigning it to Bombay, he was finally fain to take what he could get, whereupon he folded up the paper and thrust it into his pocket, and then left the cabin with a vast show of dignity, and without so much as looking at me or saying a word to me.

He and the chiefs got into the great canoe, and rowed away whence they had come, and I saw no more of him until above a week afterwards, of which I shall have more to say further on in my narration.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE OLD UTE RESERVATION.

THE scenery of the park system of northern and central Colorado has long since been made familiar, but the striking landscapes of the southwestern part of the State, in the region of the old Ute Reservation, beyond the Saguache and Sangre de Cristo ranges, are comparatively little known. Sketches of some of these are given in the present issue of the WEEKLY.

Ouray, the capital of the county of the same name, is a village near the base of Mount Hayden, about fifteen miles north of Silverton, with a population of nearly nine hundred at the last census. Silver and lead are found near by. Telluride, near which are the beautiful Bridal Veil Falls, 330 feet high, and the Ingram Falls, 100 feet, is the county seat of San Miguel County, and about fifteen miles distant both from Ouray and from Silverton. The Black Cañon of Gunnison River below Chipeta Falls evidently has a name no less appropriate than that of the Bridal Veil. The river rises on the Saguache range, near Italian Peak, and flows westerly to unite with the Grand, cutting through several wild and magnificent cañons, of which one is fifty miles long and 2500 feet deep.

The Sierra San Juan is really a part of the Rocky Mountain system, though a little west of the main range. It has at least half a dozen lofty peaks, several of them more than 14,000 feet high. It shows mostly volcanic rocks, and in various parts of the range valuable silver mines have been found. A view of Marshall Basin, taken from the upper workings of Sheridan Mine, discloses at once the scenery and the practical toil of the dwellers above the timber line. The burro camp and the railroad, in scenes of less altitude, indicate the penetration of steam transit to supplement freighting by pack animals in taking away the mineral riches of this region.

The scenery of southwestern Colorado, with its valleys fertile with June vegetation contrasting with snow-covered ridges, and its tremendous perpendicular granite cliffs forming ravines thousands of feet deep, is peculiarly impressive. Much of it certainly is undeniably desolate; but other portions, as our sketches show, add beauty to majesty. The trails to a high mine in the San Juan Mountains will often not only lead along most forbidding chasms, but over beautifully green, rounded hills, through belts of magnificent pines, and so up toward the region of continuous snow.

THE GRADUATION SEASON AT WEST POINT.

THE spirited sketch, on another page, of the charge of the West Point cadets in the final display of horsemanship given during the academic year may be taken as a typical part of the June farewell. The examinations are now going on, and these will be followed by the graduating exercises, which will release the class of 1887 from cadet life to the active army.

Equitation is taught and practised at West Point with the care and thoroughness characteristic of the Academy. The practical instruction in the school of the trooper begins, we believe, with the second year. The riding is done in a hall rather more than fifty yards long and of good width, provided with a flooring of tan bark. In the two succeeding years progress is made in the number of days devoted to cavalry drills and in the difficulty of the performances required. After the cadet understands how to manage his horse, and has acquired an easy seat, he proceeds to the arts of jumping obstacles, riding without stirrups and bareback, firing while mounted, and using the sabre. Leather balls a few inches in diameter are placed on posts to represent "heads," which must be cut to the right and left while galloping. These heads are placed at different heights, and also on the ground, and cutting at them is occasionally so intermingled with the process of jumping hurdles as to require expert horsemanship. Leaping bars, mounting and dismounting at a gallop, and turning in a short circle while riding at top speed are also practised. The horses furnished are spirited animals. The instruction in the school of the platoon and squadron follows the school of the trooper. Exhibitions of horsemanship form one of the most interesting and attractive parts of the annual June exercises, but the charge which our artist has represented is a vigorous affair, well calculated to startle spectators unaccustomed to it.

The buildings of the Military Academy, of which the most important are sketched in the present number of the WEEKLY, are situated on an elevated plain containing about 160 acres. Battery Knox and the other batteries command the river. The view of the Hudson and the surrounding country from this spot is famous for its beauty. The buildings are kept in order with the most scrupulous care, and the Board of Visitors each year reports to Congress what is needed for them.

The present graduating class is in excess of the number of vacancies in the second lieutenantcies. The provision, however, made by the last Congress for assigning surplus graduates to regiments as additional second lieutenants will insure all of them that privilege of "donning the army blue" which forms the burden of one of the famous cadet songs. The entering class, whose examinations begin the middle of June, is also expected to be large. The list now comprises about 140 candidates and about 40 alternates, and it is said there will be over 150 vacancies. After the current examinations and graduating exercises, General Wesley Merritt, who has been the successful Superintendent of the Academy for several years, will be relieved in order to assume command of a military department, and will probably be succeeded by Colonel John G. Parke, of the Engineer Corps.

THE PRESIDENT'S RETREAT.

Saranac Lake, where President Cleveland and his wife have been enjoying ten days' fishing, is one of the most restful retreats in the Adirondack wilderness. It is situated in the southern part of Franklin County, in this State, sixty miles from the Canadian line. Its waters find their way through a picturesque wilderness to Lake Champlain, and so down to the St. Lawrence River and the gulf bearing the same name. In shape the lake somewhat suggests a dumb-bell, the "Narrows," representing the handle, being less than a mile in width, and the two ends flaring out into irregularly shaped disks between two and three miles wide. Its length is eight miles, and its waters clear, sparkling, and cool. Its shores are marked with long stretches of sandy beach as smooth as any along the New England coast. In places the forest grows down to its very edge, and again nothing but bold gray rocks strike the eye. Its altitude above sea-level is 1580 feet.

Twenty-five years ago the Saranac region had few visitors save lumbermen and hunters and fishermen from the cities and their guides. Bears and wild-cats were plenty, and deer, though not much more numerous than they are now, were less shy. A native, Paul Smith, built a hotel, a clergyman wrote marvellous stories of the wilderness, its fish and game and wonderful healing powers, and ever since then the picturesque spots along the shores of a legion of lakes have had their rustic cottages, balsam bowers, and open camps. But the forests are almost as dense as ever, few clearings have laid bare the watercourses, and the region is to-day a splendid game preserve.

A company of gentlemen of Albany, New York, and Philadelphia acquired control of some thousands of acres of land skirting the northern end of Saranac Lake, and upon a level point jutting out into the lake established the summer retreat which has become famous. The old-fashioned hotel in the woods, known to the casual tourist, was modernized and christened Saranac Inn. Here during three summer vacations President Cleveland has fished and hunted and played whist. Two hundred feet from the inn stands the log cabin occupied by him. Originally it was a trapper's hut. It was rebuilt, and given a piazza, a pitched roof with dormer-windows, and rustic embellishment within. It contains half a dozen small rooms, chief of which is the sitting-room with its large fireplace. The President's guide, a sturdy backwoodsman named "Dave" Cronk, conceived the idea that some distinguishing mark of respect ought to be paid the occupant of the cabin, so every morning at sunrise he hoisted the Stars and Stripes on the flag-staff at the door. From Saranac Lake to the nearest railroad station is a distance of twenty-four miles, over an excellent carriage road.

Five miles from the log cabin is St. Regis Mountain, from whose bald top the surrounding country as far as the eye can reach in every direction seems one broad expanse of water, dotted with islands and heavily wooded hills. Old Whiteface breaks the horizon in the east, twenty miles from the inn; the mountains in the Racquet country are dimly discernible in the southwest; while Ampersand and a range of low hills in the southeast, though nine miles away, seem within rifle-shot on a clear day.

A score of lakes are within easy distance of the President's cabin. With his guide he may fish, and in the season take his station on the runways north, south, east, or west. A guide thinks nothing of shouldering the boat and briskly trotting across the carries between lakes. All these waters contain trout. The fly is used on the spring-holes and in the brooks, and the troll on the lakes, for here is where the big fellows live, weighing from five pounds upward. Skeletons of these "lakers" weighing fourteen, eighteen, and twenty-two pounds may be seen tacked to the walls of some of the guides' houses.

A PHILADELPHIA ART GALLERY ON SUNDAY.

The Mercantile Library Company of Philadelphia having been the first to open its doors to the general public on Sunday, the Academy of Fine Arts of that city has followed suit with notable success. Mr. George Corliss, Secretary of the Academy Board, and member of the Mercantile Library Committee, states "that it is impossible to over-estimate the good our free Sunday has done.... Despite that great competitor, the Fairmount Park, we had at the Academy of Design 15,000 people from one to six o'clock upon the first Sunday." The experience of the Zoological Garden in Philadelphia has been identical, for though not free, its fine grounds are more crowded on a Sunday than on any week-day. Twelve years ago, despite much opposition, the Zoological Garden was opened on Sundays, and it is estimated that not less that 54 per cent. of the whole money taken for admissions comes from Sunday visitors. No case has been reported where a Sunday visitor behaved in an indecorous manner.

At first the throng was so great at the Academy of Fine Arts that it was deemed necessary to issue tickets; but additional custodians having been appointed, the ticket system was done away with, and now between the hours of one and six o'clock all may enter who wish. This exhibition, which affords both pleasure and instruction to many thousands of people, could hardly have been made available to the general public but for the liberality of the late Joseph Temple, who left $50,000 to the Academy for this special purpose. The throng visiting the Philadelphia exhibition can differ in no respect from a New York one. It is made up of exactly the same components. In Philadelphia the people seem to thoroughly appreciate the pictures, and one constantly hears their expressions of delight. They are critics of no small ability, not alone in regard to the technical details of a picture, but as to its power of affecting the feelings. The most exacting of professional critics might learn a great deal by simply listening to what the mechanic, the mechanic's wife or daughter, have to say about a work of art. The objections presented by directors of museums of art or zoology throughout the country to opening their collections on Sunday do not arise in all cases from religious scruples, but are based on the additional expense. Guardians, custodians, must be on duty, not six, but seven days in the week. Many other expenditures of an incidental character also occur. In New York, if the Museum of Natural History, with the Metropolitan Museum of Art, were to be made free of a Sunday, about $30,000 more would be required for their maintenance. The question of how this amount is to be raised is occupying public attention, and it is believed that when the advantages of the free exhibitions on a Sunday are fully understood, such sums as are deemed necessary to meet additional expenses will be forth-coming.

THE INDUSTRIAL SOUTH.*

NASHVILLE.

The most conspicuous building in Nashville, one familiar to all travellers, is the State-house, on an abrupt elevation which overlooks the winding Cumberland River, the city lying on both sides of it, and the surrounding hilly and picturesque country. It is a noble view. The city itself, which has a population of 75,000 (it was in 1870 less than 26,000), is widely spread out over a series of hills, which furnish capital sites for its many noble public buildings. There are not many stand-points in the country whence is visible in one sweep of the eye so fine a prospect, coupled with such evidences of enterprise and vigorous life. The Capitol building itself, of handsome Tennessee stone, finished in 1853 at a cost of $1,500,000, is a finely proportioned and well-contrived edifice, and contains an interesting State Library and gallery of portraits. But the chambers and the interior of the building generally do not correspond well with the outside, and need immediate attention to escape the charge of being shabby. I have no doubt that if the city, and not the State, had the furnishing of the building, it would present a different appearance.

The city has good hotels, the larger being the Maxwell and the Nicholson. My experience of the Maxwell prepossessed me in favor of the town. Nashville has grown very rapidly, and is a very different city, I imagine, from what it was in 1864, when General Thomas convinced General Hood of the uncertainty of human calculations; but I confess I was surprised at its solid and city-like aspect. In this respect—if we except the solidly built business part of New Orleans and Louisville—it is the leading city of the South. Its well-paved streets, well-flagged sidewalks, blocks of substantial stores and business houses, streets and avenues of handsome private residences, and its many excellent public buildings, give it the metropolitan air. I was impressed with the thoroughly solid character of its growth, and the evidence on every hand of sound, conservative business methods.

Its capitalists are largely interested in the iron and coal interests of Tennessee and northern Alabama, and in railways (of which it is a centre), but the local industries chiefly attracted our attention. I cannot in this brief paper name them except in a general way. The city has an excellent institution in the Manufacturers' and Mechanics' Association, in which are represented nearly all the manufacturing and mechanical interests of the place. The vigilant care of this association contributes greatly to the industrial prosperity of the town. From a paper prepared by Captain William Stockwell, the secretary of this association, I take a condensed statement of the industries of the city, which will give the reader a better idea of the extent and vigor of the business of Nashville than I could present by mentioning separate establishments.

The amount of capital invested on January 1, 1884, in the four leading cities in the State, was $10,865,000, of which Nashville had $4,995,500, being nearly double either of the others. There are 2670 business firms and companies, of which 708 are engaged in manufacturing. The wholesale trade of the city gives employment to about 700 commercial travellers. There are 120 incorporated companies and ten street car lines. There are employed within the limits of the post-office carrier delivery, not including railroad shops, about 5300 mechanics and skilled workmen. During the year 1883, $1,212,000 was invested in machinery within the above-mentioned limits. There are three cotton factories, one of which employs over 700 hands, and a woollen factory. This is the first hard-wood lumber market in the United States, and the fifth general lumber market, having twenty-five saw and planing mills, and thirty-three firms engaged in the lumber business. It is the fifth boot and shoe market in the United States, the largest candy and cracker manufacturing city in the South, and does an enormous wholesale dry-goods, grocery, and drug business. In stoves and hollow-ware Nashville manufacturers have a good trade as far west as California, north to Chicago, and as far south as the city of Mexico, and have recently secured profitable government contracts in competition with the best Northern and Eastern houses, and are now unable to supply the demand. Its flouring-mills have a daily capacity of about 2000 barrels. It has a fine electric fire-alarm, and about 150 Brush lights. The local Telephone Exchange has 2100 miles of wire in the city, supplying 1300 telephones within the city limits, besides giving connection with 132 towns in Middle Tennessee. There is a fine electric time system, furnishing standard time from a central clock, with a service of 400 clocks, and the number rapidly increasing. The banking capital in national banks is $3,250,000, besides several private banks. The individual deposits in the national banks average over $4,000,000. The latest taxable valuation of property gives $570 to each inhabitant. The iron interests of the South are largely controlled here, one concern alone representing largely over $10,000,000 capital employed in making coke and iron in Tennessee and northern Alabama.

As a detail of the cotton industry, it may be mentioned that the Tennessee Manufacturing Company has a million dollars invested in two cotton-mills, which run 30,000 spindles and 858 looms. They consume 10,000 bales of cotton annually, with a product of 11,414,699 yards of fabrics, and 4,435,546 pounds of batting, bags, etc. These establishments employ 200 men, 200 women, and 300 children, and pay annually in wages $180,000. The total value of the cotton consumed yearly is $400,000.

Nashville is fortunate in escaping the epidemic of ugly United States buildings which has prevailed in this country in the last twenty years. I do not know where to look for a more satisfactory building than the Custom-house and Post-office; it is noble in proportion and beautiful in ornamentation. There are other good buildings: an opera-house, two theatres, a market-house, a court-house, a hospital, a Masonic temple, a good specimen of a newspaper office in the building of the *Daily American* (there are, in all, forty-seven periodicals in the city, including daily, weekly, and monthly), a Protestant and a Catholic orphan asylum, and sixty-six churches, many of them fine edifices, to accommodate twelve denominations; of these forty-seven are for white people and seventeen for colored. A notable new structure is the Watkins Institute. In this is housed the Historical Society, with a most interesting collection, the beginning of a city library, and the nucleus of an art school. It contains a fine assembly hall, in which (sign of the culture of the time) I saw an extensive and lovely flower show of chrysanthemums. The institution which cannot be praised is the State Penitentiary, which is run on the private lease system. There is nothing attractive or decent about this shabby establishment, although it was for a time the abode of a good many respectable "suspects" during the Union occupation. It is like the Northern penitentiaries built before 1830, and let to go from bad to worse. No chapel, the dining-room a shed with an earth floor, a little more than half the five hundred inmates black, cells small, and two persons in a cell with not half enough air for one, colored women employed in the wagon shops, though lodged in a separate building. The place has a generally degraded look, though I am bound to say that the prisoners did not have any more debased appearance or "hang-dog" expression than the inmates of our model prisons.

It is pleasant to turn to another topic. Nashville with all its industry is *par excellence* a city of education, and I am not sure but the strongest impression it made on me was its educational life. In its public schools are 6000 white children and 2800 colored; it has $225,000 invested in public-school buildings, four of which were for colored children. With such excellent public schools it is still remarkable that the private schools and seminaries are so many and so good; it simply shows that Nashville is an educational centre, and attracts students from a distance. There is a list of twenty-eight of these private institutions. Among the most conspicuous of these is Ward's Seminary for Young Ladies, founded in 1865, and having now about 350 students. It is a thoroughly good school for girls, with the best modern methods. The same may be said of Price's College for Young Ladies, founded in 1882, with some 250 pupils. Both these schools in their results vindicate the old practice of separate education.

One of the most conspicuous objects outside the city is the mass of buildings of the Vanderbilt University, and the view had from its noble situation is one of the finest. Much as I had heard of this university I was unprepared to find such fine buildings, and an institution so highly organized and so vigorous in its many departments, with over 550 students and some seventy professors and instructors. It is divided into schools, and gives the degrees of Bachelor of Arts, of Philosophy, and of Science. In the academic departments are the schools of Latin, Greek, the modern languages, English history, and political economy, moral philosophy, physics and astronomy, mathematics, chemistry, natural history, and geology. It has an engineering department, including a course in manual technology, a biblical department, law and medical departments, a dental department, and one of pharmacy. The grounds comprise about seventy-five acres, well laid out. The chief building, University Hall, holds the academic and law departments, the schools of chemistry and pharmacy, with their laboratories and museums, a library and reading-room, and lecture-rooms. Science Hall has the engineering department, lecture-rooms, cabinets of geology and natural history, and here are the forge, machinery, and experimental rooms. In Wesley Hall are the theological department, the chapel, a refectory, and living-rooms for students. There is a well-equipped observatory and a capital gymnasium. No other institution in the South, perhaps none of its age in the country, is more thoroughly equipped in the matter of apparatus and laboratories for scientific studies, and a very remarkable feature is that of applied industries. Here are real workshops for the making, from the working drawings prepared by the workers, of machinery, and of various objects in wood and iron. The science of the class-room is here practically applied. The chemical department is equally up to the times, and the institution has altogether the air of intelligent progress.

The Fisk University (famous by its Jubilee Singers), which shares the leadership of the higher education of the negro in the South with the Atlanta University, was founded in 1865, under the auspices of the American Missionary Association, and its two fine buildings, Jubilee Hall and Livingstone Hall, are the result of Northern and European contributions. The school has a preparatory for its college department, a common English and a normal department, a model school for the practice of teaching, and it has entered upon industrial training so far as to have a printing-office, a cooking-school, and sewing and dress-making departments, and to teach the theory of hygiene and nursing. It pays considerable attention to the cultivation of music, for which the students show great aptitude. It is a school for both sexes. In the large and fine chapel in Livingstone Hall I saw the 400 students assembled, an exceedingly well-mannered, neatly dressed body of young women and young men, giving signs there and in their class-rooms of discipline and attention to study. The light-colored were largely in excess of the blacks; indeed, there were few pure blacks, and many who would pass for white. The library (over 3000 volumes) and the reading-room seemed to be intelligently used by the students, and throughout the institution the spirit was excellent. By universal testimony this school is doing an immense good in the South, and it ought to be put upon a firm basis by means of endowed professorships. This list does not exhaust the schools of Nashville. It has besides the Roger Williams University and the Central Tennessee College for Freedmen, with a medical department, the Meharry, which has for some years been sending out educated doctors. This college is doing a large work, and has its buildings in the city, with the several departments of normal, English, preparatory, and collegiate. If Nashville is not careful about extending its educational facilities it will get the title of the Athens of the South.

The sojourner in the city will find much to interest him historically. Those were frontier and semi-barbarous days when General Jackson was its chief figure, but the story is now softened into romance. Jackson's law office is now a saloon, and the peaceful market square has lost its inn where Jackson and Benton explained their differences with revolvers. The town is full of stories of the habits and manners of the old hero, and at the time of my visit at least one person was living who had personal recollections of him. The Hermitage, where he rests in peace, is only ten or twelve miles from the city.

There are many fine plantations about Nashville, but the most famous of them is Belle Meade, late the Harding Place, the home of General W. H. Jackson, noted the world over for the better part of a century as the breeding-place of thorough-breds for racing. It is a pleasing, fertile domain of 5000 acres, arable fields, pastures, woodlands, and streams, with a roomy old-fashioned mansion, having in front a lofty porch of stone pillars, and surrounded by the "quarters," and the extensive barns, stables, and paddocks. In the house is exhibited a cabinet full of silver racing cups and plate won by the Belle Meade horses in many contests. This treasure was buried during the war by two slaves of General Harding, a man and a woman, and by them restored when the war was over, the family never knowing where it was concealed. The two are still honored domestics of the establishment. General Harding, who has just died, the father of Mrs. Jackson, was a man of sterling character. Although his occupation was the breeding of race-horses, he never made a bet upon their speed. It was once said by a prominent abolitionist that if his plantation was a fair specimen of the institution of slavery, he should have to revise his notions of it. General Harding frankly said that it was not. This is no place to enter into a description of Belle Meade, which is one of the most interesting sights of the South. In its stables and paddocks are over a hundred mares and many stallions, all of them with a pedigree running back to the Conquest, and many of them with a great reputation on the turf. In their stalls were over a hundred beautiful high-bred colts. At the yearly auction of yearlings, where there is no reserve, nearly a hundred thousand dollars is realized. The proprietor keeps a large number of mules, has a herd of Cashmere goats, fattens yearly about ten thousand dollars' worth of beef cattle, has a park of about four hundred acres stocked with several hundred deer, and keeps a pack of hounds and a mount for visitors, so that they can enjoy at any time a deer chase. The deer that leap the park enclosure and wander about are liable to be picked up in this way. The party with us had a ride after the hounds, which no doubt would have been fatal to the chased deer if night had not ended the sport. Belle Meade is a delightful place, but perhaps the most charming thing about it is the hospitality of its household.

Charles Dudley Warner.

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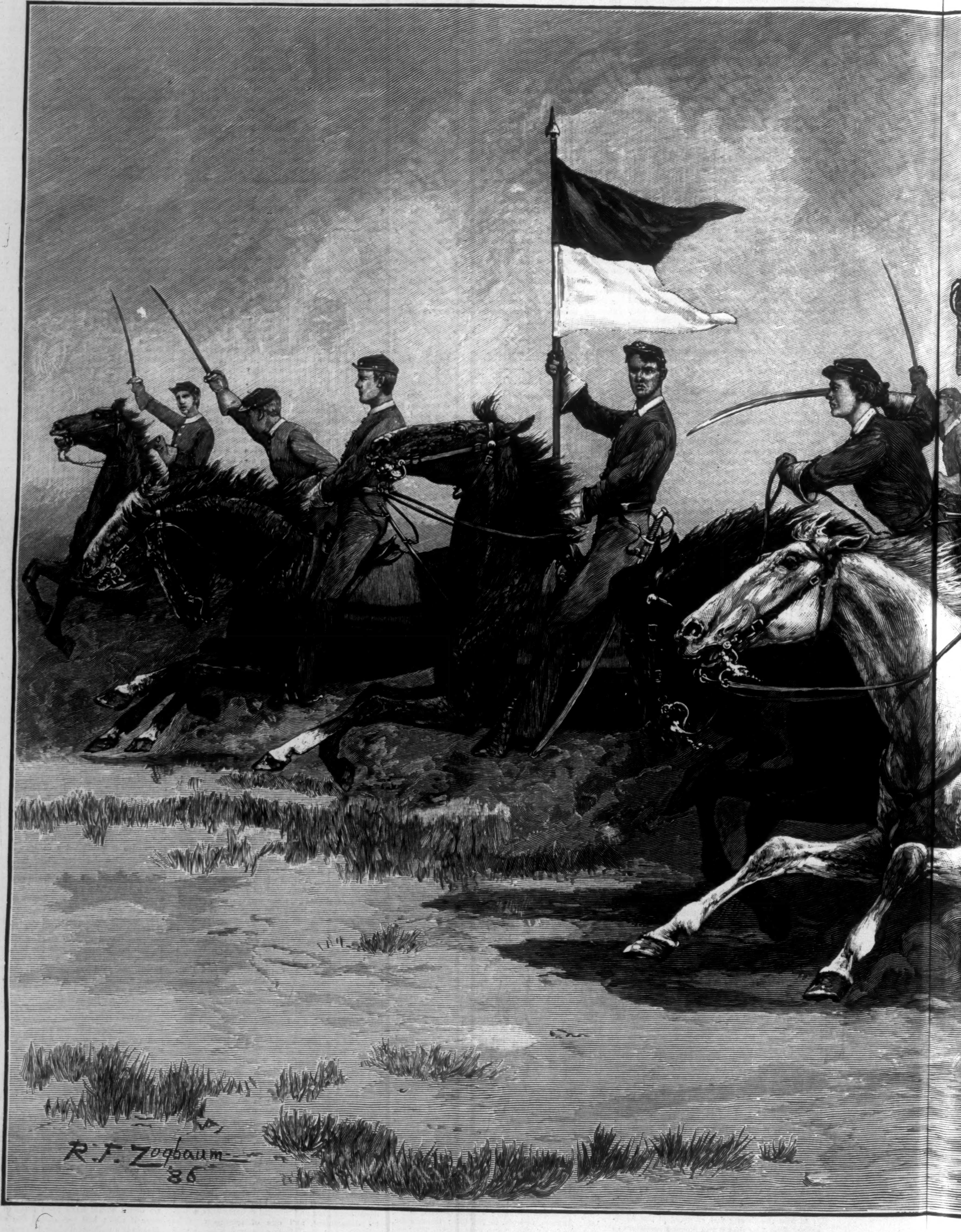
* The previous articles and illustrations of this series were published as follows: Lynchburg, Virginia, in No. 1568; Richmond, Virginia, in No. 1569; Danville, Virginia, in No. 1571; Atlanta, Georgia, in No. 1573; Augusta, Georgia, in No. 1575; Birmingham, Alabama, in No. 1579; North Carolina, No. 1581; and Knoxville, Tennessee, in No. 1585, of the Weekly. Copies of these issues will be sent on receipt of a remittance covering the cost of the number required.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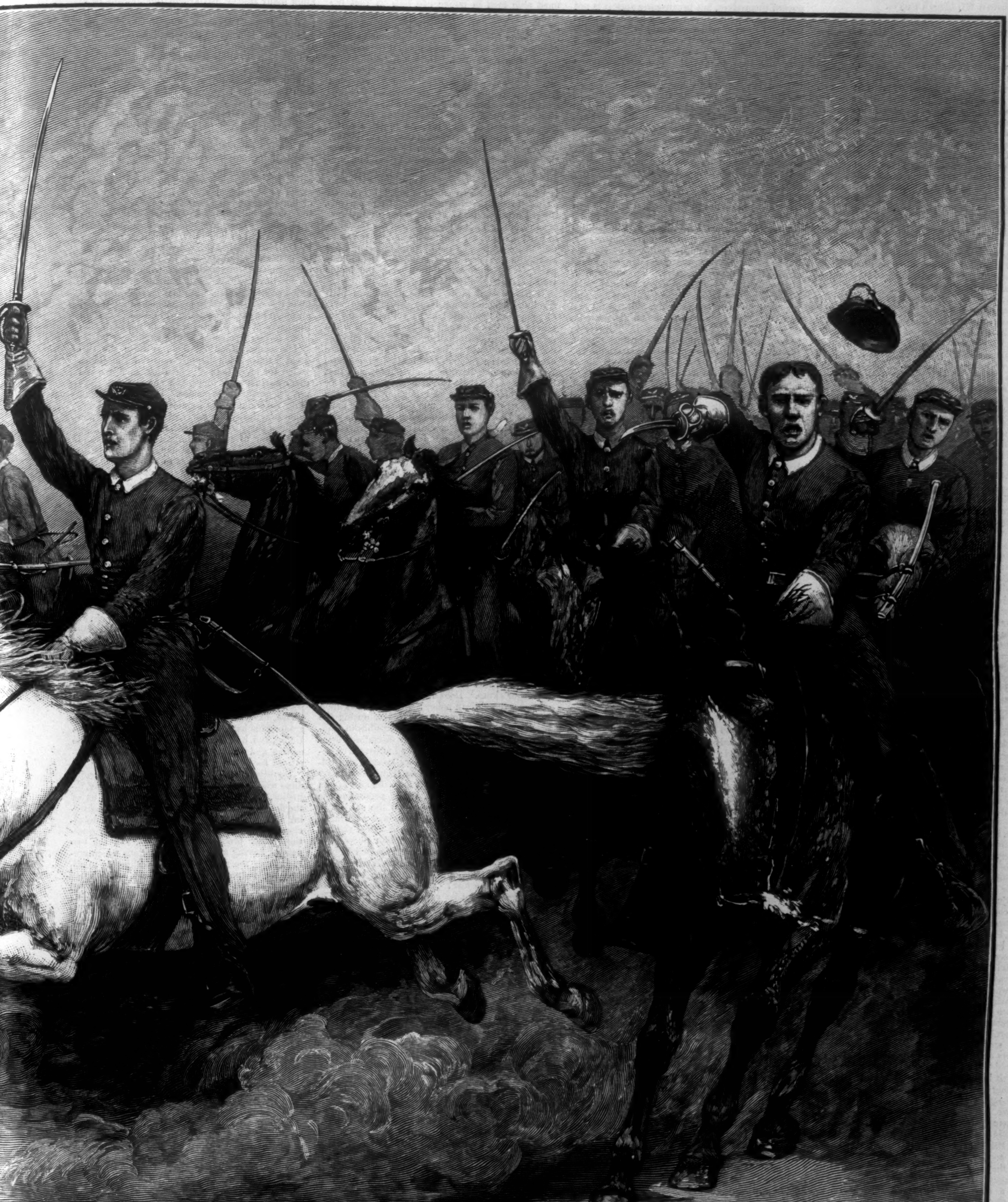
86

GRADUATION DAY AT WEST POINT—THE CAVALRY C



CHARGE.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 419.]

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

A SPEECH DELIVERED AT THE COMMONWEALTH CLUB IN NEW YORK, MAY 23, 1887, BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

I HAD the pleasure of sitting at the first dinner of this Club, and I have read all that has since been said at this table, and it seems to me there is no question that the Commonwealth Club is by far the most important of the forces recently added in the city to practical politics. I agree entirely with what the President has just said so well of the papers read by Mr. Ivins and Mr. Bishop, and of the discussions that followed. If there be any more valuable practical contributions lately made to the discussion of honest, efficient, and economical city government than those papers, I have not seen them. They comprise a thorough and detailed statement of facts in regard to certain vital aspects of municipal government—facts of which the knowledge is essential to any effective action looking to the correction of abuses in municipal administration. They are fair, candid, impartial, indisputable. If this Club had done nothing else than offer an opportunity for the preparation and presentation of such papers in a way to command public attention and stimulate public action, its organization would have been fully justified, and its public service amply demonstrated.

I cite these as illustrations of the spirit, the opportunity, and the usefulness of the Club. But apart from any specific value of this kind, notable as it is, its chief interest is of another character. The Club is composed of adherents of all parties, and of those who take different views of national policies and of desirable political action, yet its object is political discussion. Its formation, therefore, is a significant sign of the progress of political independence among us. You will not misunderstand me; I do not mean that all the members of the Club have withdrawn from active connection with parties. If I were disposed to be guilty of such an error, a glance at these tables would promptly correct me. I am too old an American not to know that for the achievement of definite political objects organization is indispensable. In a republic great results are accomplished by great parties. I know very well the charm of party association. I have stepped gladly to the party drum-beat. I am prouder of nothing than of my connection with the party which, it seems to me, has done more for human liberty and for free popular institutions than any other party in the history of the English-speaking race. But important as party is, there is one thing still more important, and that is a manly, reasonable, American independence of party.

A few years since a conspicuous party leader, as he was rallying his party to the polls, said in a public speech that he did not understand belonging to a party a little. If he meant that a man can do effectively only what he does with his whole heart and soul and strength, we should all agree with him. But although it sounds like a paradox, I think that upon reflection you will also agree that it is those who do not belong to a party too much who make it worth belonging to at all. Those who decline to wear the yoke and handcuffs of a party are picturesquely called jay-hawkers and skirmishers between the lines, free lances and guerillas, dudes and Pharisees—men of no opinions, or who take their opinions from others, or who do not know their opinions, or who think one opinion as good as another—and we are asked if such a motley crew are of more value to a party than its regular household troops. But this suggestive rhetoric, you will observe, is merely a trick. The orator who adopts it assumes the point that he wishes to prove. He vituperates those who will not obey the crack of the party whip, and asserts that those who refuse to support every party nomination however unfit, and every party measure however injurious, are men of higher principle and more constant purpose than more scrupulous and conscientious citizens. But in the rhetorical phrase, I say, on the contrary, that it is those who do not march at the tap of the party drum, whoever may be the drummer, or, throwing rhetoric aside, it is those who resolutely subordinate party to private conscience and to independent judgment who compel party to keep its rudder true to principle and the public welfare.

When Mr. Pulteney said long ago in England that parties, like snakes, are moved by the tail, he merely sneered as a political cynic at the party spirit which Washington, the purest of patriots and the most practical of statesmen, denounced. Washington warned us that mere party spirit is not an ennobling but an ignorant and debasing impulse. Party spirit is a mischievous and dangerous fire. Party principle is a steady, creative heat. Senator Hoar, in his admirable commemorative address at Concord two years ago, said that the Minute-men at Concord Bridge were British subjects when they received the order to fire, but they were American citizens when they obeyed it. That fact illustrated their constancy. It was a constancy of faith and purpose, a constancy of patriotism. The names were changed, but the principles remained. It seems to me, therefore, a matter of congratulation, Mr. President, that the one principle upon which all members of this Club are agreed is reform in the civil service. For one of the chief objects and most beneficent results of that reform is the restoration of parties to their true function. So long as the whole public service is regarded as a party perquisite, and the first duty of an administration is held to be a clean sweep from the service of all incumbents of the defeated party, with all the abuse and corruption which necessarily follow such a practice, proper party controversy ceases. Control of the patronage becomes the real prize at an election. "Turn the rascals out" means merely "Give us a chance to be rascals too"; and the result of the election shows merely the ability of patronage to keep a party in or the frenzied desire of it to turn a party out, not the preference of the country between different policies of administration. This is not because the people are debauched and unfit to govern themselves, but because the appeal is not addressed to political conviction, but to the most powerful form of selfishness, and in ten millions of votes equally divided such an appeal, except in the presence of an overwhelming issue, will generally turn the scale. The administration which uses the Custom-house, the Internal Revenue service, the Land Office, the Indian service, the navy yards, the forts, the opportunities of public contracts, all the wide range of public employments, the whole vast system of public salaries, for the benefit of its party, plays at an election against the people with loaded dice. The polls are no longer the sensitive meter of the public will. They do not record the national preference for the policy of one party or another. They simply show the power of patronage to "buy votes." This was what Mr. Calhoun meant when he said if you do not put it down, it will put you down.

I remember when I first took part in politics it was in the midst of a tremendous controversy. The issue was vital and overpowering. But the whole public service was one huge intrenched camp of the opposing party. The atmosphere of every little post-office, of every national building, of every public department and employment, was fatal to that independence of thought and vote by which alone the conviction and purpose of the people can be ascertained. Happily in that controversy the abuse did not finally avail. It was an extraordinary national exaltation. The country was lifted by a great moral impulse, as when the strong swell of the ocean raises a mighty fleet entangled among rocks and shallows and floats it triumphantly into a peaceful harbor. To break up that intrenched camp, to restore to the people their rights and to every office-holder the independence which is his political birthright, to give back to parties their legitimate function, to make elections once more the record of the public will, to elevate the honor, the dignity, and the respect of the employés of the government, to undo the monstrous perversions and corruptions of patronage which, like a poisonous net, overspread the public service—this is civil service reform. It is behind parties and above parties. Its purpose is the highest possible purpose in a republic, because it seeks to make the honest will of the people the actual government of the country.

It is in the equatorial calm of such a Club as this that the political situation and prospect, if the atmosphere be not altogether too foggy, may be most clearly apprehended. There are, indeed, plenty of party clubs and committees to which many of us belong and with which we zealously co-operate. But the primary duty there is consideration of the interest of the party. The business of such clubs is not the candid consideration of facts, but carrying an election, and the chief duty, like that of the old fire-laddies running to a fire, to "whoop her up." It is to stimulate party spirit; not to observe the situation as it is, but as party spirit wishes it to be. Thus I have lately read upon the highest party authority that if Mr. Cleveland should be renominated, he is as good as elected; that if Mr. Blaine should be renominated, he is virtually already in the White House; that Mr. Hill would run like a cyclone, and that Mr. Sherman would sweep the country. Even I have been pressed into the service, and have been made to say, with a sagacity beyond Dogberry, that Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Blaine will both be nominated and both defeated. Now, as a member of the Club, I wish to avail myself of my privilege and opportunity to state the situation as it appears to an observer who is certainly not a Democrat, and who is certainly disowned by the Republicans. If you think this a sad condition, I can only remind you of Mr. Emerson's remark that "hell itself is not without its extreme satisfaction." There have been important speeches recently made by party leaders which seem to me to throw a great deal of light upon the question; that is to say, they show us that there is very little to see. Indeed, a report upon the political situation recalls the reply of the husband who was asked by his wife what kind of night it was. He opened a closet door by mistake, and answered, "My dear, it is very dark, and smells strongly of cheese."

The first thing that commands attention is the fact that the two great parties are merely shadows of great names, and do not represent definite policies upon actual issues. The Democratic party is sometimes called a tariff-reform party. But a Democratic majority in the House of Representatives declined to take any action looking to such a reform. Now, upon any sound or intelligent theory of party, if tariff reform be the Democratic policy, the majority of the House was elected to embody it in legislation. Not only, however, did it refuse to take such action, but the most dexterous Democratic leader is practically a high-protectionist sustained by a large following. This is an absurd and impossible situation under the theory that tariff reform is the Democratic policy. Thirty years ago no member of Congress who persistently and zealously frustrated all attempts at legislation to exclude slavery from the Territories could possibly have been a Republican leader, or, if he had been a leader, the fact would have proved conclusively that exclusion of slavery was not the Republican principle and policy. It is possible that the Democratic party may become a genuine tariff-reform party. But it is plainly not such a party now, and Speaker Carlisle, who is certainly an orthodox Democratic authority, frankly says that the Democratic majority in the House cannot pass a bill to reduce the tariff without aid from the Republican revenue reformers.

This fact throws a little side light upon the other side. Undoubtedly Republicans largely favor high protection, but it is not a party principle and policy which expels from the party tariff reformers like some of the Western Representatives in Congress. Senator Sherman, one of the most able men in public life, tells us that the Republican idea is embodied in the tariff laws as they now exist. But the Republican tariff commission four years ago recommended a modification of these laws, and a general reduction of about twenty per cent. Does a Republican become a Democrat by favoring reduction, or does Mr. Randall become a Republican by opposing a smaller reduction? A conspicuous Republican and uncompromising protectionist says of the Protective Tariff League that at the next Congressional election "we propose to put a series of interrogations to every man that is nominated. If he refuses to answer them or cannot answer them satisfactorily, we propose to lay him out. Party politics will not enter into the question at all. It will simply be a question whether the man is a friend of protective tariff or not." It is not an answer to say that the tendency of one party is toward protection and of the other toward revenue reform. I am not speaking of the tendency of parties, but of the convictions and the purposes that make parties, as the purpose of prohibiting slavery in the Territories made the Republican party, or the purpose of destroying the liquor traffic makes the Prohibition party.

If the present tariff be the Republican platform and the paramount issue, then an enormous surplus is contemplated, and its liberal distribution in some form among the States. This is the policy known as paternalism. This, also, may become a Republican policy. But at present there are distinguished Republican leaders who oppose it as strenuously as others advocate it, and that cannot reasonably be called a party principle or policy which eminent and popular Republican leaders strongly disavow and oppose. The most that can be said is that there are Democrats who hope to make the Democratic party a revenue-reform party, and there are Republicans who hope to make the Republican party a party of high protection and bountiful paternalism. So there are Republicans who hope to make the Republican party an anti-saloon party, and to drive out of it every voter who is not hostile to the liquor interest; and there are devoted, energetic, and able Democrats who even hope—for hope springs eternal in the human breast—even hope, I say, to make a party that canonizes Andrew Jackson a civil service reform party. Let me freely render the familiar Virgilian line, "*Tantœne animis celestibus:*" what millennial visions will not the generous mind of youth entertain!

Or take another question of the highest importance: which of the two parties is in any proper sense the party of civil service reform? I think that there are more Republicans than Democrats who are friendly to radical administrative reform. But the only State controlled by Republicans which has passed a reform law is Massachusetts, and in the Massachusetts Legislature a vote practically to repeal the law was baffled only by the Governor's veto. Does a Republican Legislature oppose a Republican policy? In the debates upon Executive nominations in the Senate during the present administration eminent Republican leaders frankly and contemptuously disclaimed sympathy with the principle of administrative reform. Do Republican Senators disavow and ridicule a party principle? The Republican party is very polite to reform, as it is to the anti-saloon and prohibitory sentiment, and at present to the Irish vote. Its declaration upon the subject in its National Convention of 1884 was admirable. But would any honest Republican assert that its candidate represented a Republican purpose of reform as Abraham Lincoln represented Republican opposition to slavery in the Territories or General Grant Republican adherence to the settlements of the war? By no reasonable use of language can that be called a party principle or policy or measure which not only party nominations discredit, but which party leaders frankly spurn and party organs petulantly ridicule. If there be a prominent and acknowledged Republican chief, it is Senator Sherman. But in a careful and elaborate speech upon the political situation, in which he enumerates pending public questions, he does not even mention civil service reform. Certainly a measure which Senator Sherman holds to be too unimportant to mention in such an enumeration cannot be fairly called a Republican issue or policy.

And where do the Democrats stand upon this question? Are they a party of civil service reform? The President is of their party, and, amid enormous difficulties, he has endeavored honestly to enforce his honest convictions of reform. But what is the most enormous of all enormous obstructions that he has encountered? The Democratic party. Who in Congress have sought most earnestly to thwart his efforts for reform? Two conspicuous and accepted Democratic leaders. Do they oppose a party policy or doctrine or measure? The Kentucky Democratic Convention has just declared its position and views. It greets the President as Joab greeted Amasa: "Art thou in health, my brother?" then smites him under the fifth rib. It salutes him in its first resolution and stabs him in the second. It praises the President, and condemns his course. But do the Kentucky Democrats denounce a party policy? In the President's own State, after nearly two years of his administration, the Democratic representatives in the Legislature, freshly elected, vote with virtual unanimity to repeal the reform law. Do they vote unanimously against a doctrine of their party? I do not need to say that I know many Democrats who are sturdy and steadfast civil service reformers. I have only to look around these tables to see them, their faces shining with the rosy dawn of the good day coming when the tree that now stands covered with blossoms will hang as heavily with fruit. They are valiant soldiers by whose side I am accustomed to drink delight of battle for the good cause. But they would not claim that they lead their party upon this subject, or that their party is in the true sense the party of reform. So I knew many sincere and ardent Republicans earnest for reform at the very time that the excellent Mr. Hubbell was assessing all the vice-consuls in Asia Minor, and the equally excellent Mr. Dorsey was soaping the Republican ways to launch the old ship smoothly for another voyage. I was on the deck of the ship, and I thought then, as I think now, that there were more Republicans than Democrats friendly to reform. But I did not suppose that the Republican party was earnestly the party of reform, as it had been the antislavery party, or the party of the Union and the war.

I am not complaining of the situation. I am simply describing the relation of the two parties to important public questions. There is one more, called the Southern question, but this no longer exists as a practical political issue. There are undoubtedly gross political wrongs practised upon the colored citizens in certain parts of the Southern States. They are repugnant to American principles and to humanity. But it is conceded by both parties that the remedy lies in the State or national tribunals, not in legislation. The question, therefore, disappears from the domain of practical politics. But indirectly it will still affect political action. For many a voter in whose mind this question takes precedence of all others, although he can do no more, will refuse to sustain the party in the country which in the States he holds to be responsible for the wrong.

The actual situation, then, is this: the two great parties have happily outlived the issues which for more than a generation have arrayed them against each other, and newer issues have not yet created new parties. Under the plea of State sovereignty the Democratic party had become practically the party of slavery. The Republican party was organized, not to promote protection, nor to settle differences of capital and labor, nor to regulate the liquor traffic, nor to reform the civil service, but to resist the aggressions of slavery. Slavery is abolished. The questions which immediately followed the war have been settled by the party which conducted the war. The settlement is not challenged by any party, nor is any alternative or opposing policy proposed in any quarter. The Union is secure by the disappearance of the great cause of sectional strife, and in the unquestioned and unquestionable acceptance of the final judgment of battle by the most earnest, sincere, and heroic leaders of the Confederate cause. A disciple of Calhoun, a Confederate leader, and a just and generous man, Mr. Lamar, standing in the city of Calhoun, unveiling his statue, and speaking in his name, says that Calhoun's State, which intellectually led the Southern controversy with the Union, "sacrifices no principle and falsifies no sentiment in accepting the verdict, determined henceforth to seek the happiness of her people, their greatness and glory, in the greatness and glory of the American republic." Could the great Republican leaders, Lincoln, Seward, Sumner, Grant, Andrew, Chase, have stood by his side, they would have grasped his hand as a brother American in a free Union, and have thanked God with him that the motive and the dogma of disunion have disappeared forever.

Doubtless traditions, tendencies, and prejudices will long survive. Bitterness of feeling, injustice, folly, and wrong will still remind us of the fierce contentions of the past, like the muttering thunder in the spent and dissolving storm-cloud. But with the disposition of the war questions other problems have arisen, and the two parties, having outlived the questions which created them, are now endeavoring diligently to adjust themselves to the new issues. The party scouts are on the eager lookout for the real questions. One is quite sure that it is the tariff; another that it must be the labor movement; a third, like the listener who interrupted a discussion about the three greatest poets to remark that Macaulay was a good writer, is very sure that the temperance movement is very imperative. Some of us hold civil service reform to be a question of the greatest importance. Others are persuaded that after all there is yet a good deal of music, if not in the rebel yell, then in the yell of rebel; and there are hosts in both parties who believe that "the general cussedness" of the other party is still the warwhoop with which to raise the country. Like the early American explorers, the anxious politicians are coasting along the unknown continent, looking wistfully into all the rivers and inlets, and wondering which of them might turn out to be a shorter route to Cathay and the golden Indies.

This condition develops the very result which might be anticipated. As the great parties necessarily compromise upon the new questions in order to retain as many adherents as possible, those who hold most earnestly to the new issues tend to new organizations. I tell no secret in saying that the Republican prospect is clouded by the disposition of earnest temperance men to follow in the country the counsel of Wendell Phillips in Massachusetts, and to stand up to be counted. Toward the temperance movement the position of the Republican party is much like that of the Whig party forty years ago toward the slavery question. The Whig party was more antislavery than the Democratic, and the Whig leaders declared that for antislavery Whigs to take separate action was to betray their own cause by aiding its worst enemies. But after Charles Sumner, then a Whig, had eloquently besought Mr. Webster to add to his well-won title of Defender of the Constitution the nobler name of Defender of Humanity, and to place himself at the head of the Whig party as an antislavery party, and Mr. Webster had politely regretted their difference of opinion upon the relative importance of public questions, and when the speeches and votes of Whigs upon the Mexican war aided what seemed to Sumner and the Conscience Whigs the conspiracy of slavery, they saw in New England, as their fellow-believers saw in Ohio and New York, that the Whigs as a party cared more for what they called Whigism and for the success of the party, with all the necessary conditions of success, than for the antislavery cause, and the secession began which ended in the formation of the Republican party. It is plain that the temperance Republicans are like the antislavery Whigs. They fear that the Republican party cares more for what it calls Republicanism than for the cause of temperance, which seems to its friends the chief issue, and they begin to march away. In vain the Republican leaders cry, and cry truly, that they are more friendly to temperance legislation than the Democrats, and that to desert them is in effect to aid the saloon. The distinctive temperance vote steadily increases. The retiring forces reply that had the antislavery Whigs listened to that siren plea, there would have been no Republican party. It is those who believe a cause to be paramount to all other causes who give it victory. In the spirit that formed the Republican party, they will apparently raise their separate standard once again, and rally their recruits from the Republican camp.

On the other hand, the Labor party, which has already shown its strength in the cities, casting 68,000 votes for its candidate for Mayor of New York, practically dissolving the Democratic party in the city election in Chicago, and controlling it in Cincinnati, is a party which is chiefly drawn from Democrats, and which naturally perplexes all Democratic calculations. The electoral vote of New York, if not decisive, is of the highest importance. The million votes of the State are equally divided between the two great parties. The result in the State is determined by this city and its vicinity, which is the Democratic citadel. A Democratic defection of 20,000 or 30,000 votes in this city and of 10,000 in the State upon the electoral ticket would imperil Democratic success. This is a cloud at present perhaps no larger than a man's hand, but which to Republican eyes and hopes seems to be much larger, and to be bulging with rich promise of fertilizing and refreshing showers for the Republican harvest of '88. But that view is modified by other considerations. The nomination of three or four actual candidates opening a contest and a future of great uncertainty, at a time when party ties are universally relaxed and party names have largely lost their significance, would at once appeal to the vast latent conservatism of the country to maintain the existing situation. There is a great body of voters who are much more interested in the prosperity of trade and industry than in politics. Except in times of industrial depression, the thing that they most deprecate is change. This vote was largely cast with the Republicans in 1884 from profound distrust of the consequences of Republican defeat. But that distrust has passed away. The derangement of affairs, the disasters, the corruption, that were apprehended have not taken place. Even the terrible rebel brigadier turns out to be a stuffed figure of Guy Fawkes, or the dreadful horseman that Ichabod Crane encountered in Sleepy Hollow, whose awful head, carried under his arm, was only a lighted pumpkin. The distrust is gone, and the conservative instinct for the existing order, re-enforced by actual experience and by personal confidence in its chief representative, will be a force in the election of next year, which the condition of parties, the appearance of new organizations, and the general political uncertainity will immensely strengthen and increase.

There is another significant and inevitable result of a situation in which old parties are trying to adjust themselves to new issues. As there is no overpowering and absorbing question, like that of slavery or the war, which compels men to take sides unreservedly without reference to other considerations, party is regarded more and more in its true light as a political agency, not as an army in which every man must obey every order, or a church which speaks *ex cathedra* and whose judgments are infallible. In such a time parties are judged, not by their professions, but by the general significance of their course. Their candidates and their moral tone and tendency become much more important than the party name. Such a condition is necessarily one of politics of principle, rather than of party, in which personal and political character are of much more value to a candidate than a regular nomination. It seems to me, therefore, that the result of the election next year will depend very much more upon the candidates than upon the parties that nominate them. I do not mean that there will be a general dissolution of parties, but that the number of voters who will not vote for an unsatisfactory candidate merely because he is the candidate of a party will be large enough to decide the election. This happy result, this prospect of a really honest vote in 1888, so far as patronage will allow it to be honest, we owe to the independent voters of 1884. It was their reliance upon personal character and political integrity which governed their vote and decided the election. But the great result of their action and of the election—a result most fortunate for the country and for republican institutions—was not so much the choice of a particular candidate as the demonstration that half the people of the country are not its enemies, and that the success of neither of the great political parties threatens individual rights or the national prosperity. Thus the independent voters of 1884, who were accused of fatuous folly and of total disregard of the essential conditions of government by party, have done more than any other body of voters in the country, both by the principles of civil service reform which in general they hold and by their course at the election, to restore party to its proper function in the government. If this be the result of sitting on the fence, then sitting on the fence means merely compelling parties to do what parties are intended to do, and a seat on the fence, however excruciatingly sharp and uncomfortable it may be to selfish aims and to political ambition, is the post of political honor and of practical patriotism.

To withstand this tendency to political independence there are two cries raised, one on the Democratic and the other on the Republican side. The Democratic cry is a degrading appeal to mere party spirit. It aims to rally the party around the spoils of office, and to make repeal of the reform laws and a return to the abuse of a clean sweep from every post in the public service of every man, woman, and child who by himself or by his aunts, uncles, or cousins does not adhere to the dominant party, the test of orthodox Democracy. This is a policy which is constantly and stoutly resisted by young, intelligent, progressive Democrats, who look forward, not backward, and who live in the hope and the opportunity, not in the tradition, of their party. It is futile, however, to deny the force of this reactionary feeling in the Democratic party, or to doubt that if it does not affect the nomination it will in some degree affect the vote. But the characteristic spirit of Bourbonism in American politics was never illustrated more signally than in the effort of Democrats to disown and discredit the very policy which more than anything else has recently commended the party to public confidence. Should this Bourbon spirit succeed in controlling the administration or in determining the party nomination next year, the spirit of independence, re-enforced from within the Democratic party itself, would effectually overwhelm what would then be seen to be, not a party representing a public policy, but a mere conspiracy for the spoils of place.

If this independent disposition will not be affected by the Democratic effort to make the spoils despotism, the last lingering rag of monarchy in this country, the ascension robe of the Democratic party, neither will it be counteracted by the Republican exhortation to stricter organization. No political party in this country was ever more highly and thoroughly organized than the Republican party in 1884, and it had an advantage which no other party ever possessed—that of its identification both with the maintenance of the Union against the most persistent and desperate armed assault and with the emancipation of the slaves. It was indeed so completely organized that it believed its great tradition to be an amulet against disaster, and its name alone to be an oriflamme of victory. Allegiance to the party was treated as a kind of religious duty of patriotism, and disobedience to its regular behest was denounced as a form of sin against the Holy Ghost. But all did not avail, because there were Republicans who did not think that the way to reform a party was to support in it the very things which were to be reformed, or that strengthening the hands of leaders who had recklessly abused their trust would probably persuade those leaders to loosen their hold. Doubtless organization is indispensable to a party. It is so in the human body. But a body must have a soul in it if it would live. The Democratic party was organized at every point in 1860, but it fell from power for a quarter of a century, and the Democratic party that fell then will never rise again. It was not organization, it was the enthusiasm of a great principle, of profound conviction, the glorious spirit, the lofty purpose, that gave the Republican party its victory in 1860. It was not the want of organization that defeated it in 1884. It is not more absolute and despotic organization which will open to it the prospect of restoration in 1888.

Such, gentlemen, appears to me to be the present political situation. I do not think that any intelligent and patriotic citizen will regret it, because, as I have said, it opens the prospect of an election to be determined, not by considerations of old party cries and the spoils of place, but by other considerations, of definite purposes, of personal and political character, of purer politics, and therefore of the public welfare. The situation does not seem to me to favor reckless dependence upon party spirit, or perilous experiments with the public conscience; and that is a situation which cannot be disagreeable to honest and intelligent members of any party. To those who ask whether independent voters intend to become a mere corps of observation, and to organize a party to hold the balance of power, I reply that that would be unnecessary, because they hold it already without party organization. To those who ask whether such voters mean never to unite with any national party, I reply that it will be time to answer that question when national parties prove by their conduct, not by their platforms, what policy upon actual questions they represent. To those who wish to know whether it is not a duty to join the party which seems upon the whole to be preferable, and to try to make it better, I answer that it is the duty of every good citizen to consider the public welfare first of all, and to beware of the sophistry which would make a party an end and not a means. With whatever party a man may choose to act he will find himself sometimes constrained by his sense of public duty and by self-respect to vote against it. But if he be politically ambitious, let him carefully count the cost. To vote against his party is at once to be put without its pale. If a youth of generous impulse and of ardent political ambition should follow his conscience and vote against his party, his innocent effort to reform the party by attempting to baffle what he holds to be its unworthy action would end at once in his total ostracism. It is in this way that party spirit strikes at public spirit, at patriotism and fidelity to duty and personal independence, and becomes the enemy of manly character, of liberty, and of the republic. It is an ordeal which few men of political ambition are brave enough and steadfast enough to face. I have known many young men, earnest, public-spirited, enthusiastic, full of ardent ambition, suddenly confronted with this fiery test; but I have known very few who did not quail and recoil. No man need hope to make a party which was organized for other ends serve political progress and reform who does not utterly put aside personal ambition and hold the interest of reform dearer than the interest of party. It is only the courage of the forlorn hope that gives victory in the controversy of politics, as in all other warfare. To the question how the independent vote of which I have spoken will be cast next year, I reply that no man can speak for that vote except as he judges others by himself; but if what I have said be true, it is evident that it will support no man merely because he is the candidate of a party, and no man whose personal and political character and career do not prove his sincere sympathy with the general purpose of that vote, which is, above all, honest government—honest men, honest administration, honest politics, honest principles: men whose absolute integrity is known; administration which seeks first of all the general welfare, and not party advantage; politics which scorn the corruption of patronage; principles of equal and exact justice to all citizens, to all interests, to all sections of the common country. Paradise, said Mohammed, is under the shadow of swords. The happy future of America is in the keeping of Americans, and in the keeping of Americans only who believe that honesty is just as necessary and just as practicable in public as in private affairs.

A CHAMPION OF THE OAR.

Jacob Gill Gaudaur, who outrowed **Edward Hanlan** at Pullman, near Chicago, on May 30, was born at Orillia, Ontario, some forty miles north of Toronto, on April 4, 1858. He did his first work in a shell in 1878. In 1882 he removed to St. Louis, where he has since lived. His good form at the oar secured backing for him, and he was enabled to obtain good boats and suitable training. He attracted attention at the regatta at Pullman in 1883, when he pulled in a good third to **Hanlan** and **Teemer**. Since then he has bestowed upon himself the best of care, and his progress has been constant. On June 12, 1886, he defeated **Teemer** for the American championship at Pullman. On September 20 of the same year he was beaten in England, over the Thames course, by **William Beach**, of Australia, the champion of the world, by two lengths only, after a race which was called the hardest ever rowed with single sculls.

The race on May 30 was for the championship of America and five thousand dollars in stakes. It was over a three-mile course with a turn, and was rowed under a pelting rain and in choppy water. Two times were taken. Mr. **Lyman Glover**, president of the Farewell Club, who was on the press boat, and who was understood to be the official scorer, made it 20 minutes and 29 seconds, while two time-takers on the referee's boat agreed upon 19 minutes and 30 seconds. The best previous time was **Gaudaur**'s against **Teemer**, and was 19 minutes and 54 seconds. **Hanlan** was beaten by four boat lengths. He weighed 156 pounds and **Gaudaur** weighed 178.

THE STATUE OF NATHAN HALE.

The statue of **Nathan Hale**, which was ordered by the Connecticut Legislature, has been cast in bronze at Chicopee, Massachusetts, and will be put in position in the Capitol at Hartford probably about the 8th of June. It is the work of **Karl Gerhardt**, a young sculptor of Hartford, who pursued his studies in Paris under the best masters, and returned to this country with their highest commendation, and has already made good their prophecies of his success. He has recently sent to a foundry in this city an equestrian statue of **Israel Putnam**, destined to stand in his native town of Brooklyn, Connecticut (also a commission from the Legislature), which is thought by those who have seen it in plaster to be a work of uncommon dignity and beauty. Needless to say that if Mr. **Gerhardt** has succeeded in the rarest of all artistic achievements, an equestrian statue—for the wide world has very few good ones—he takes his place at once among the first American artists.

The statue of **Hale** is, with the plinth, eight feet high, and it is to stand on a pedestal of Quincy granite four feet high. As the artist had no portrait to guide him, he has been free to make a heroic figure of youth, of the New England type in features, and to give him that fire and action which his character revealed in his exploit seems to require. As it could not be a portrait statue, the figure itself must tell the story. **Nathan Hale** was a graduate of Yale College, a young captain of twenty-one, of great beauty of character and great promise, already betrothed, who volunteered to procure information within the British lines. It was on the 21st of September, 1776, that he was captured in Brooklyn, Long Island, just as he was about to take the boat for Norwalk, and brought into New York. He was examined in the greenhouse of the **Beekman** mansion, near Fifty-first Street and East River, and was executed at dawn the next morning as a spy, at a spot near the present intersection of East Broadway and Market Street. He proudly admitted his rank and his errand, and calmly accepted his fate. He was denied a clergyman and a Bible; the letters to his mother, his sister, and his sweetheart, which he had written by the favor of an officer, were destroyed by Jailer **Cunningham**.

His last words were, "*I only regret that I have but one life to give to my country.*" These will be cut in the pedestal of the statue. They are the key-note of the artist's treatment. Unwilling to perpetuate the ignominy of his execution, he has seized the moment when **Hale** may be supposed to have said these words—erect, facing his captors with flashing eyes, his hands thrown back in token at once of self-sacrifice, surrender, and triumph. The action, to be sure, is momentary, but in no other way than by some action could the artist tell the story. The attitude is noble, the face full of the expression of the heroic mind, the whole figure instinct with it. So perfectly has the artist infused the bronze with the sentiment of this noble utterance that even the shoulders and the back declare it. We hear that a *replica* of this statue, with a slight change in the pose, will soon be set up in New York.

McFLUFFEY'S CANOE.

By WILL CARLETON.

My boatman laughed loud at a man on the shore,
With habiliments proud and assurance galore,
And a manner that sought the idea to convey
That he maybe had bought the whole river that day;
Said my shrewd Irish lad, as a quick glance he threw:
"He remoinds me, bedad, of McFluffey's canoe.

"Oh, McFluffey was 'there,' in competithive sail;
He could show his back hair in the calm or the gale;
He was absent upon any spot but firrst place,
Till he enthered the John J. O'Flannagan race!
Which it tore him all down, and then shwept him up too,
Wid some frinds who now frown on McFluffey's canoe.

"For he'd said, 'I'll hew out a new boat, loike as not,
That will shtroll all about ivery craft yez have got;
And her patthern I'll kape to mesilf, good or bad,
For the crayture I'll shape in me cellar, bedad.
I'll be maker, desoigner, an' captain, an' crew;
An' there'll not be a foiner'n McFluffey's canoe.'

"So this promising craft in his cellar he shaped,
An' he chuckled an' laughed, an' he pounded an' schraped;
An' his dry-dock was wet wid the shmell of ould gin;
But we niver could get a free pass to go in.
And he says, 'Cork yer eyes, till the proper time—you—
An' you'll have a surprise from McFluffey's canoe!'

"An' the race day did lind a fair breeze an' bright sun,
An' we backed our ould frind about twinty to one;
An' we pitied the fate of the others afloat,
An' shouted, 'Jist wait for McFluffey's new boat!'
An' he says, 'She's as stanch as me frinds are, an' true;
So step down an' help launch ould McFluffey's canoe!'

"An' we shouted, 'All right!' an' went down wid a grin,
An' we pushed our sails tight wid a pull at the gin,
An' the boat stood all fresh an' all fine as could be;
Oh! a firrst-class professional beauty was she!
An' his shwateheart had sewed a grane flag trimmed wid blue,
An' her name had bestowed on McFluffey's canoe.

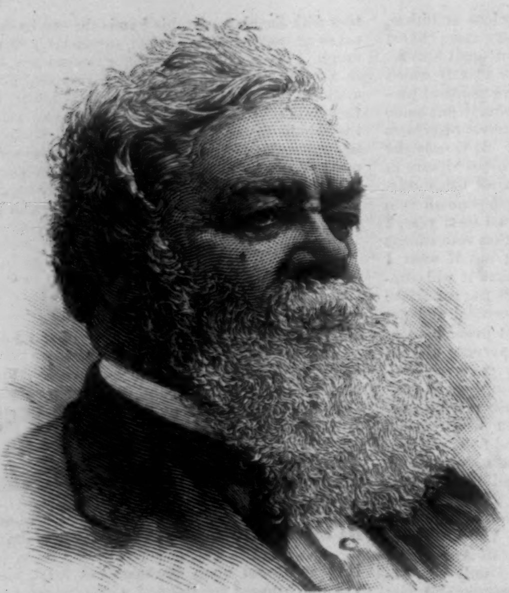
"An' we lifted her clane on our shoulders, in pairs—
The boat, sure, I mane—an' descinded up-shtairs;
But the boat was too great—sure the door was too shmall—
An' we couldn't get the crayture evicted at all!
Not a door could be slammed that the craft would sail through,
An' we stood there becalmed wid McFluffey's canoe!

"'Saw the floor! smash the wall! blow the roof off!' he cried;
But nothing at all would admit her outside;
An' Mac shwelled up in girth, an' blasphamed himself sick,
An' then prayed for an' earthquake to come an' be quick!
Stone an' brick would not mind it, for all we could do,
An' the race left behind it McFluffey's canoe!

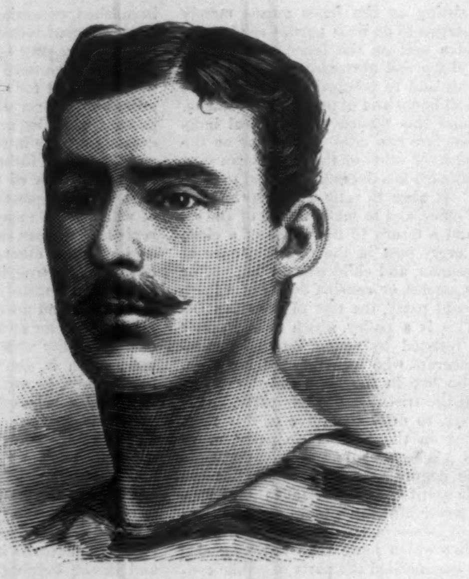
"His shwateheart the shock drove with rage 'most insane,
An' she stamped through the dock when he thried to explain;
An' she said, 'Look a-there!' wid the rage in her face:
'The *Bridget O'Flaherty* is winning my race!
You desaved me, ye elf!' an' her words fairly flew:
'Now be off wid yerself an' your dirthy canoe!'

"Now when a man brings me a high moighty sound
Concernin' big things he is goin' to bring round,
An' thanks his good stars *he* is winnin' the day,
Forgettin' the bars that men find in their way,
I says, wid sly laughther, 'Your pride ye may rue;
You're a-modellin' afther McFluffey's canoe.'

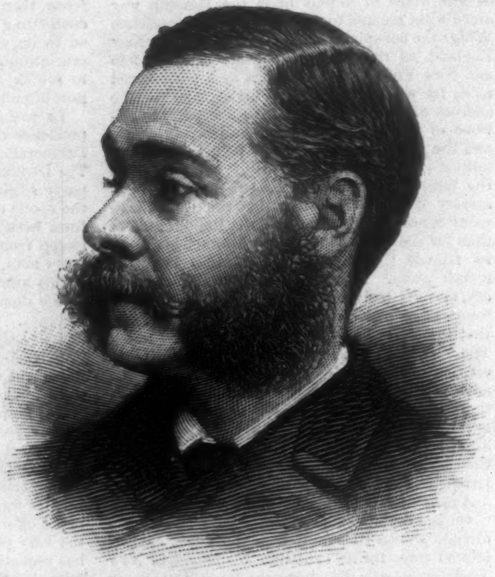
"An' when a man linds all his plans to himself,
An' lays all his frinds for a while on the shelf,
An' thinks he knows twice all there is to be known,
An' the outside advice will be letin' alone,
I says, 'If your pride to a point yez don't hew,
You'll be takin' a ride in McFluffey's canoe.'"



THE LATE BEN: PERLEY POORE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BELL, OF WASHINGTON.



JACOB GILL GAUDAUR, CHAMPION SCULLER OF AMERICA.
[SEE PAGE 423.]



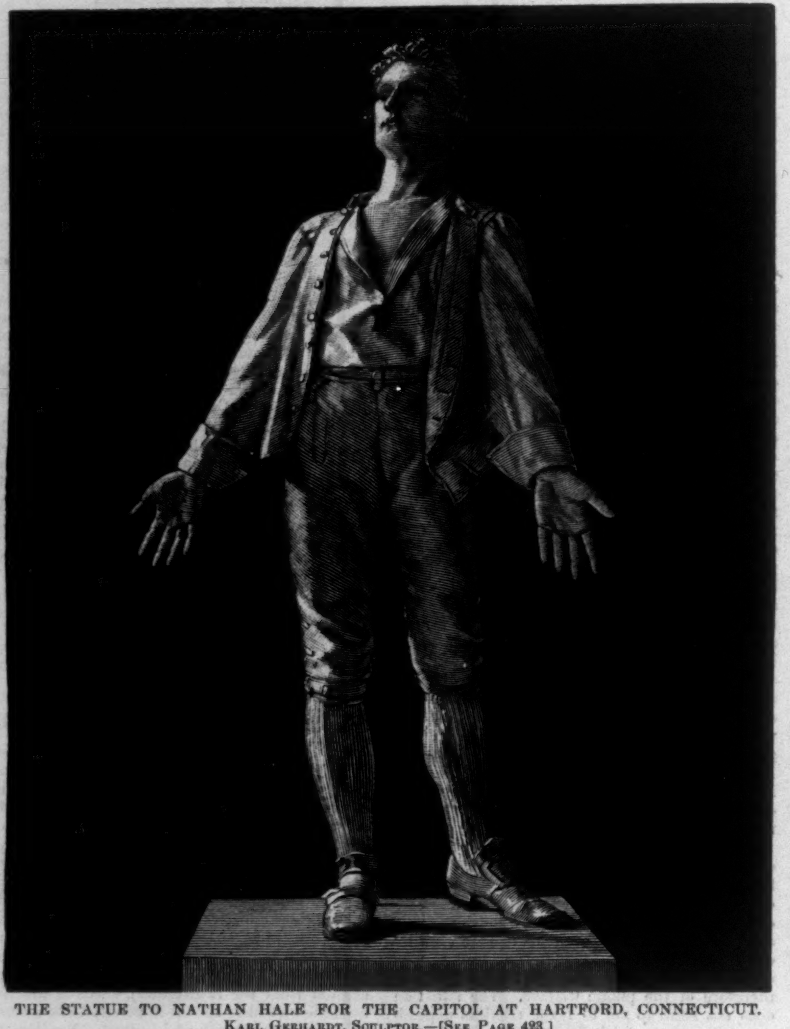
MR. E. HENRY LACOMBE, NEWLY APPOINTED UNITED STATES CIRCUIT COURT JUDGE.

MAJOR BEN: PERLEY POORE.

MAJOR BEN: PERLEY POORE, who died in Washington on May 29, was born at Indian Hill Farm, near Newburyport, Massachusetts, on November 2, 1820. His first visit to Washington was made at the age of seven years, and he went to Europe when he was eleven. His parents sent him to a military school, intending that he should enter West Point, but he ran away to Worcester and became a printer's apprentice, and having learned his trade, entered upon the editorship at Atlanta, Georgia, of the *Southern Whig*, which had been bought for him by his father. This paper he conducted for two years, quitting it at the age of twenty. Not long afterward he went to Belgium as an *attaché* of the American Legation, travelled in Europe, Egypt, and the Holy Land, and wrote letters for the *Atlas*, a Boston newspaper. Returning to the United States, he published, in 1848, *The Rise and Fall of Louis Philippe*, and he was also the author of *Life of General Taylor*, *Early Life of Napoleon*, and *Perley's Reminiscences of Sixty Years in the National Metropolis*, as well as of a large number of romances relating to the period of the American Revolution, which were published in serial form in popular periodicals. He was Clerk of Printing Records in Washington, and compiler of the Congressional Directory.

Major POORE's widest fame was won as a Washington newspaper correspondent. He was engaged in this work from 1854 until he died, his best-known letters being printed in the Boston *Journal* under the signature of "Perley." During forty years of official life in the national capital he was thrown with many eminent persons, and his fund of reminiscence was large and interesting. He told good stories, spoke well after dinner, and was widely courted in the social world. Among his intimate friends he numbered such men as CHARLES SUMNER, HENRY WILSON, and Senator ANTHONY, of Rhode Island. He was a warm Republican, and a Mason of high rank.

The farm at Indian Hill has belonged to Major POORE's family for more than two hundred years, having been bought by his ancestors from the Indians in 1650. There are sixty rooms in the old farm-house, which spreads weed-like over the ground, being in no place more than two stories in height. Its rooms and halls are filled with historical bric-à-brac, of which Major POORE was a most zealous collector. It includes Indian relics, arms which were borne in the Revolution, the printing-press used by FRANKLIN when he was an apprentice in Boston, china which belonged to WASHINGTON, JEFFERSON, LAFAYETTE, WEBSTER, LINCOLN, and SUMNER, and much else of the same general kind. The farm includes a piece of woodland which was planted by Major POORE upward of twenty-five years ago, and which took a prize of one thousand dollars from the Massachusetts Society for the Promotion of Agriculture.



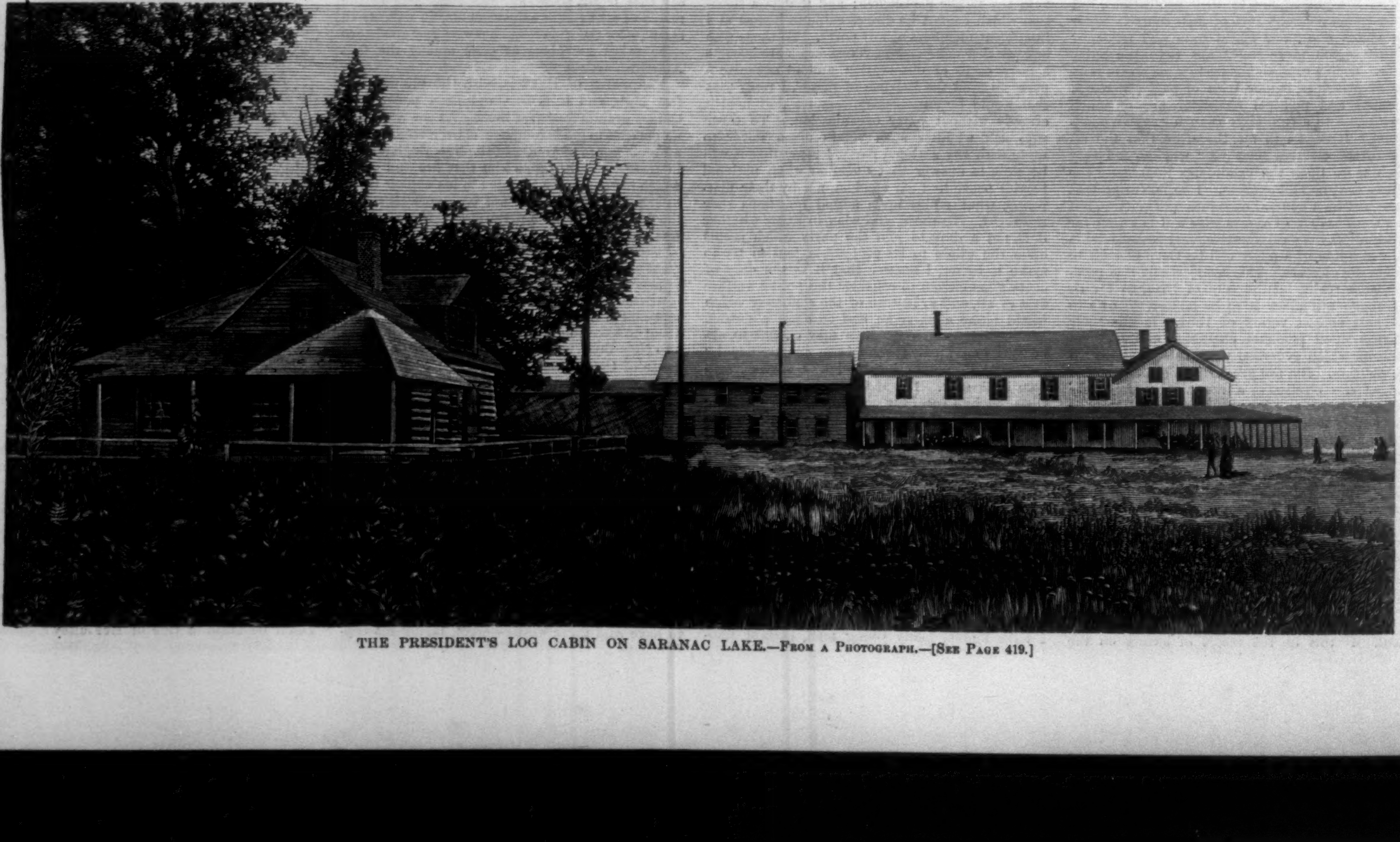
THE STATUE TO NATHAN HALE FOR THE CAPITOL AT HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.
KARL GERHARDT, SCULPTOR.—[SEE PAGE 423.]

THE NEW CIRCUIT JUDGE.

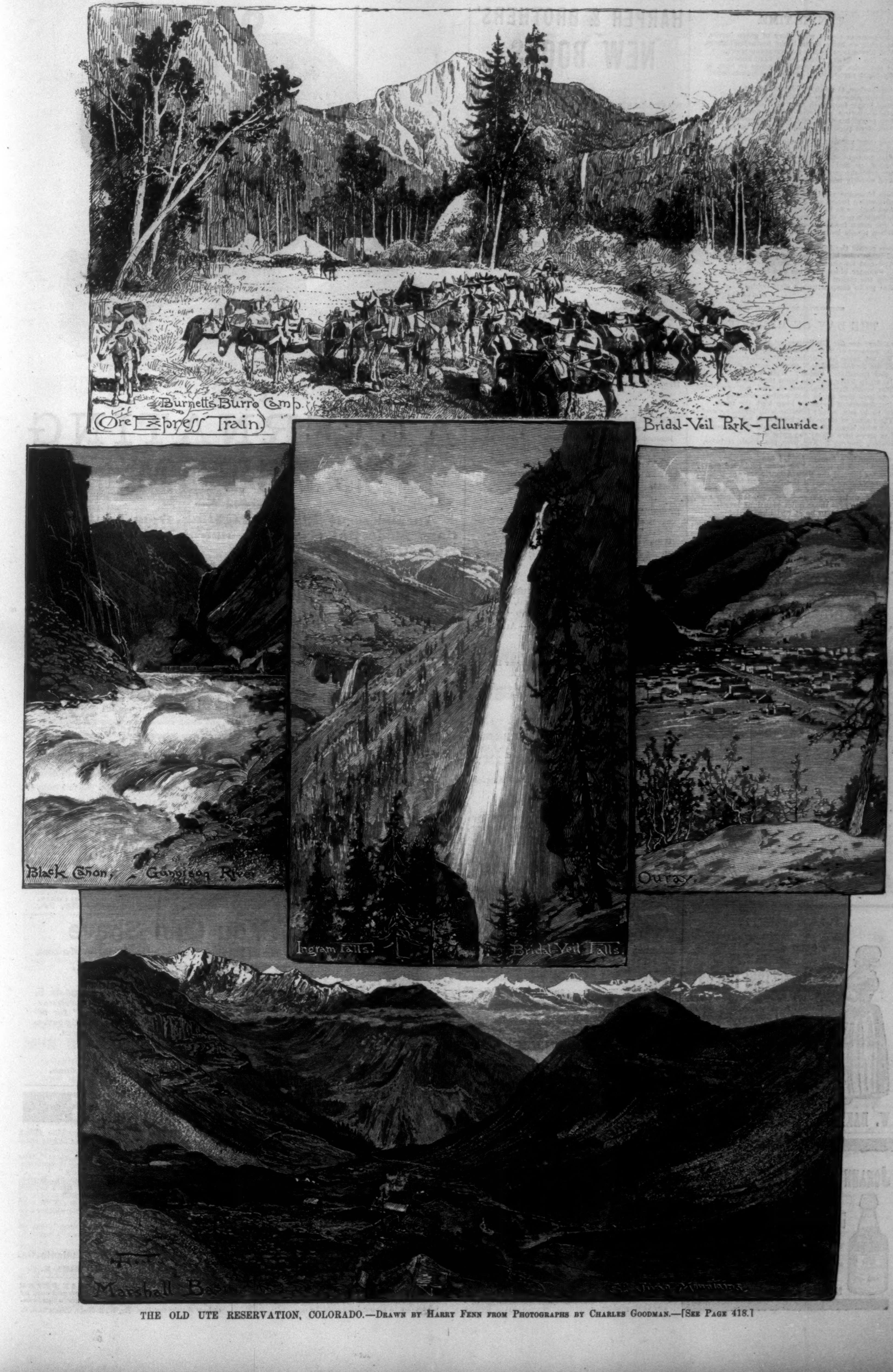
CORPORATION COUNSEL E. HENRY LACOMBE, lately appointed a Judge of the Second Judicial Circuit by President CLEVELAND, was born in this city in 1846. His ancestors were French, and his family were driven from the island of San Domingo, where they had been settled, in the revolution of 1792. The father of Mr. LACOMBE was a well-known merchant of this city, who died in 1851. The subject of this sketch was a graduate of Columbia College at the age of seventeen, and was fourth honor man of his class. At nineteen he graduated from Columbia Law School, and at twenty-one he was admitted to the bar.

In 1875 he entered the city's law department, of which Mr. W. C. WHITNEY, at present Secretary of the Navy, was then the head. Here Mr. LACOMBE made himself very valuable, and many advantageous changes calculated to lessen the expense and facilitate the transaction of the department's business are attributed to him. Part of Mr. LACOMBE's duties after May, 1882, had to do with the collection of arrears of personal taxes. In this labor the method established by the Corporation Counsel's assistant was of marked value, and in seven months there was turned into the city treasury from this source $36,000, whereas $6700 had been its entire yield for a period of seven years just before. In 1884 he became head of the department, Mayor EDSON appointing him Corporation Counsel in that year to fill the unexpired term of GEORGE P. ANDREWS, who had resigned to become a Justice of the Supreme Court, and he was reappointed for a full term by Mayor GRACE. Mr. LACOMBE has always been a Democrat. He was one of the founders of the Young Men's Democratic Club in 1871, and belongs to the New Amsterdam and University clubs, and to the Veteran Club of Company K, Seventh Regiment. His duties will begin on July 1.

There are nine Judicial Districts in the United States. The Second includes the States of New York, Connecticut, and Vermont. Heretofore it has had only one Judge, but its business was so great that provision for a second was made last winter.



THE PRESIDENT'S LOG CABIN ON SARANAC LAKE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 419.]


Burnett's Burro Camp.
Ore Express Train
Bridal-Veil Park—Telluride.
Black Cañon, Gunnison River
Ingram Falls.
Bridal-Veil Falls.
Ouray.
Fenn
Marshall Bas
San Juan Mountains.

THE OLD UTE RESERVATION, COLORADO.—Drawn by Harry Fenn from Photographs by Charles Goodman.—[See Page 418.]

TENNIS-TIME.

When summer comes with glory of green leaves,
And swallows chirp beneath the homestead eaves,
And airy wings within the sunshine sport,
When the dim sky grows softly blue above,
And the larks tune their silvery songs to love,
My heart turns fondly toward the tennis-court.

O tennis-time, O reign of blissful hours,
Flirtation season deep in scented flowers,
Pray linger long with your own dear delight,
While chaperons all absent-minded be,
When proud mammas take naps unceasingly,
And stern papas are wilted in their might!

When even parsons play instead of preach,
And strawberries ripen and the luscious peach,
And daylight stays to see the witching stars;
When a fair maiden in the daintiest gown
More gracious grows then when we meet in town,
And sweetly healed are all the deep old scars;

When blossoms yield their kisses to the bees,
And smiling lovers are the most at ease,
And holiday is in the very light—
Oh, Cupid's one of the gay company
On the green lawn, and aye the game wins he,
When tennis balls are flying till the night.

When comes the frost to chill the balmy air,
And blight the leaves and nip the blossoms fair,
And cast its gloom upon the sunny land,
Still summer bides with me and life is dear:
I drop the racket on the grasses sere,
But go to clasp within a snow-white hand.

Susan Hartley.

THE DAY OF MEMORIES.

All days are for the living, but this day,
In memory of hours forever fled,
We set aside for our beloved dead.
"El dia de los finados,"* so they say,
In soft Castilian. Ended? Well, it may
Be so in letter, but the tears they shed,
The hearts that break, not soothed, not comforted,
Prove love goes on in that strange, clouded way.
Bring flowers of memory; heap high the tomb
Of those you loved; inscribe with legends sweet
The names of those dear household saints of yours.
Light with these lilies pure and pale the gloom;
Lay roses here about the quiet feet.
Ended, they say? Nay, love, not death, endures.

A stranger in a foreign land, I too
Lay flowers in thought on some neglected grave,
For far beyond the gray Atlantic wave,
On sunny slopes beneath the Northern blue,
My dear ones sleep—my dear ones fond and true.
In centuried shade they sleep. No tempests rave,
No stormy seas those quiet mansions lave—
O ransomed souls, to be at rest like you!
And still I breathe the fragrance of the flowers,
And read with blinded eyes the loving words,
The "rest thou, dear one; my beloved, sleep."
But every blossom brings to life dead hours;
I hear the plaintive notes of prisoned birds,
And fall to weeping 'mid the throngs that weep.

* The national observance in Costa Rica of a Memorial Day on November 2.

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ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

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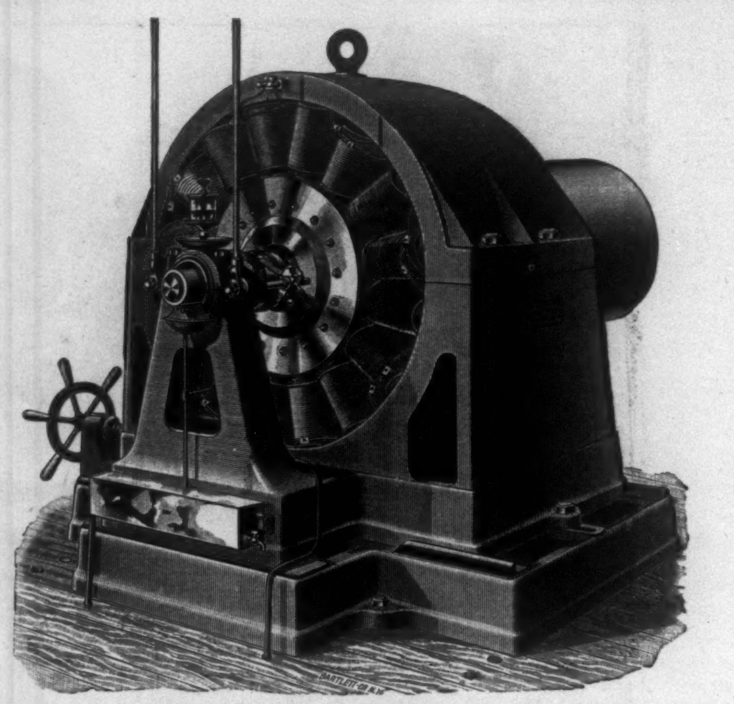

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"She don't seem to have many clothes on, Samantha."

Sez I, "Hush! Josiah, she has probable overslept herself, and come out in a hurry, mebby to look for some herbs or sunthin, I persume one of her children are sick, and she sprung right up out of bed, and come out to get some mother wort, or catnip or sunthin."—

And as I spoke I drawed Josiah down a side path away from her.

But he stopped stun still, and sez he, "Mebby I ort to go and help her, Samantha."

Sez I, "Josiah Allen, sense I've lived with you, I don't think I have been *shameder* of you—sez I. It would mortify her to death if she should *mistrust* you had seen her in that condition."

"Wall," sez he, still a hangin' back, "if the child is *very* sick, and I can be any help to her, it is my *duty* to go."

His eye had been on her nearly every moment of the time, in spite of my almost voyalent protests, and sez he kinder excited like—"She is standin' stun still, as if she is skairt, mebby there is a snake in front of her, or sunthin, or mebby she is took paralyzed, I'd better go and see."

Sez I, in low, deep axents, "you stay right where you be, Josiah Allen, and I will go forward, and if we need your help, I will holler." And finally he consented after a parley.

"Wall, as I got up to her I see she wuznt a live meat woman, but a statute."

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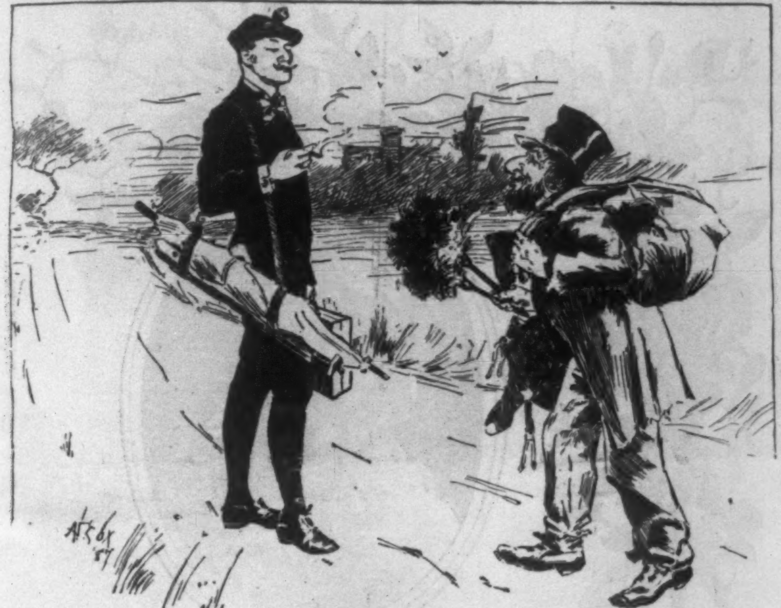
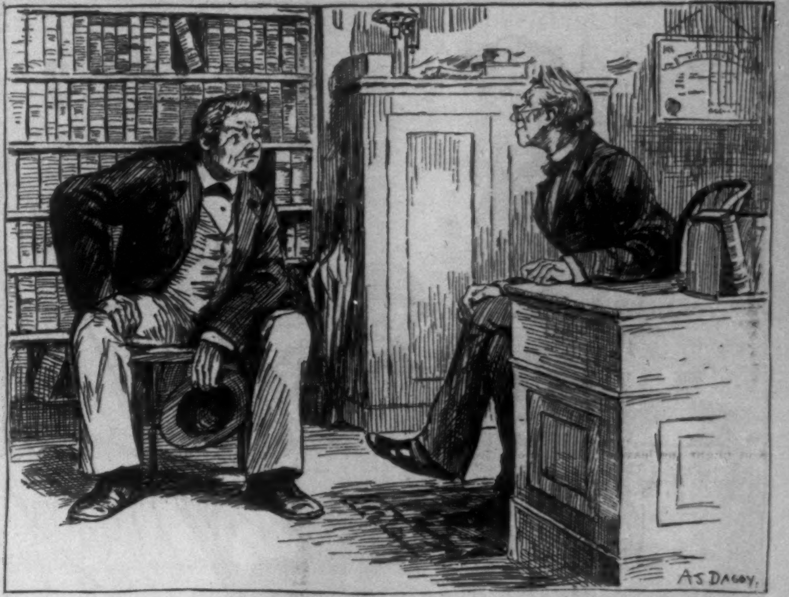


FRATERNITY.

"Vel, my friendt, vhut duse you peddles?"



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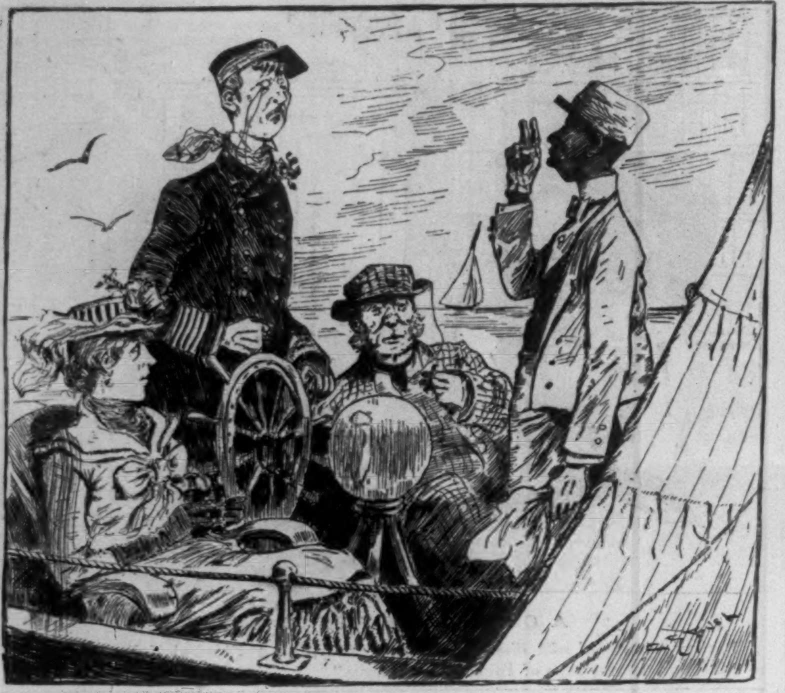

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"Yas, sah!"

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In the garden two roses hang side by side,
One red and one white—in the bloom of pride—
And they bring to my mind a maid so fair,
My Nannie dear with the golden hair.

Ah me! she's the sweetest of all sweet girls,
And one bud is as pure as the row of pearls
That lines her sweet mouth, while the other rose
Gleams red like the gums which she smiling shows.

And the scent of the flowers on the air,
Like her breath so fragrant and wondrous fair,
But her sweetness is caused, so her rivals say,
By the use of SOZODONT every day.

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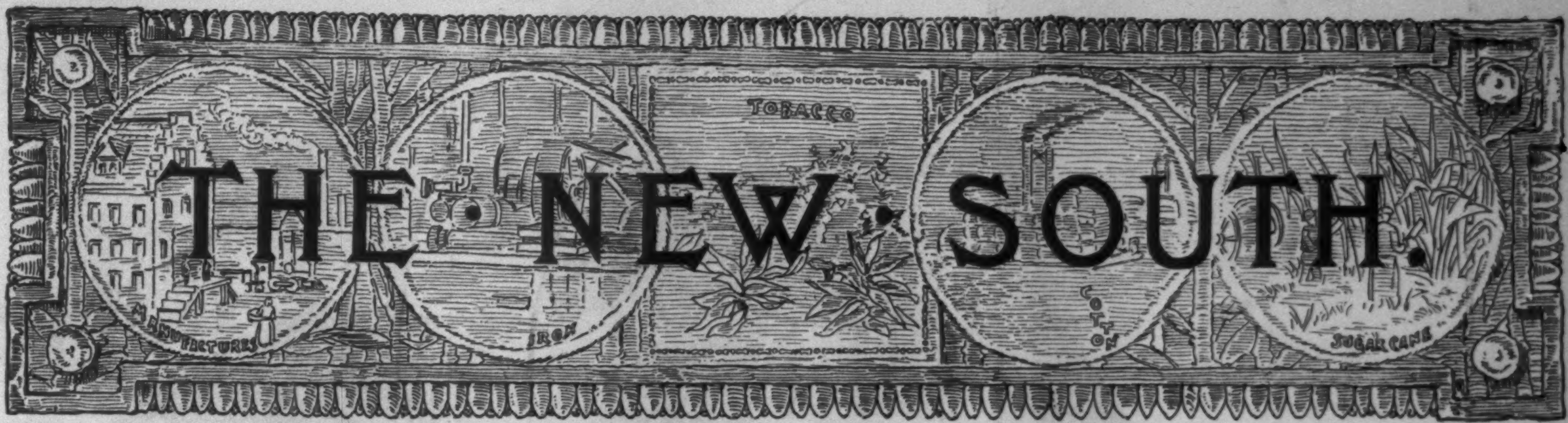
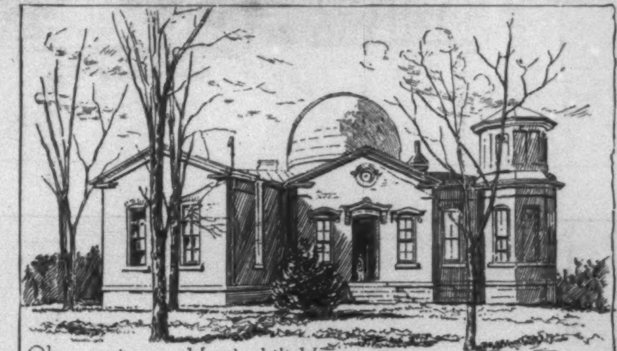
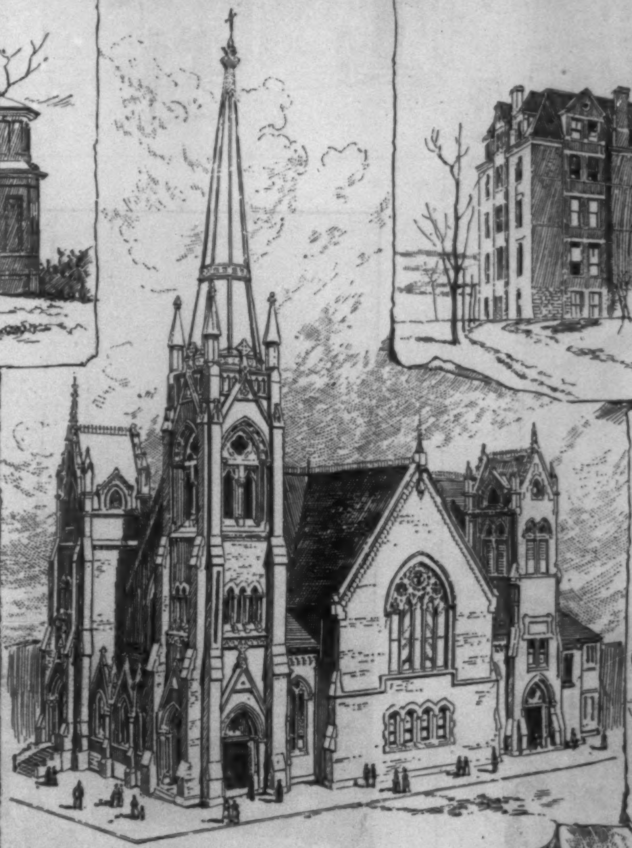
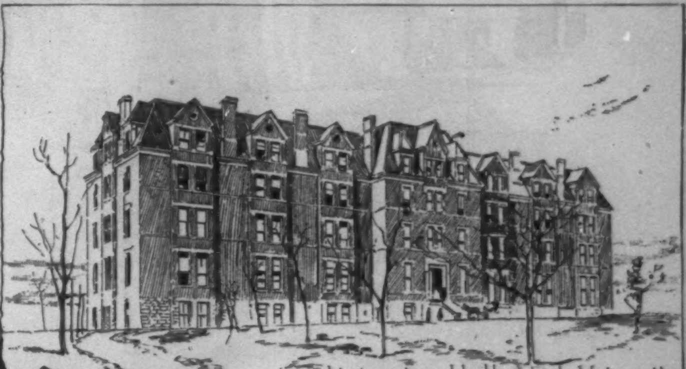
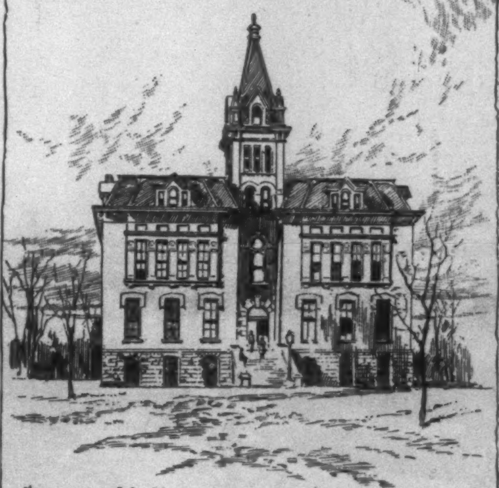


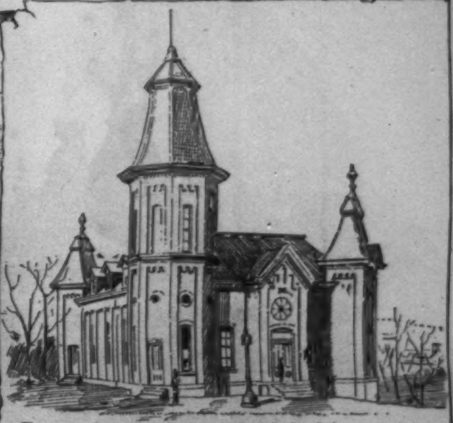
SUPPLEMENT TO HARPER'S WEEKLY, JUNE 11, 1887.

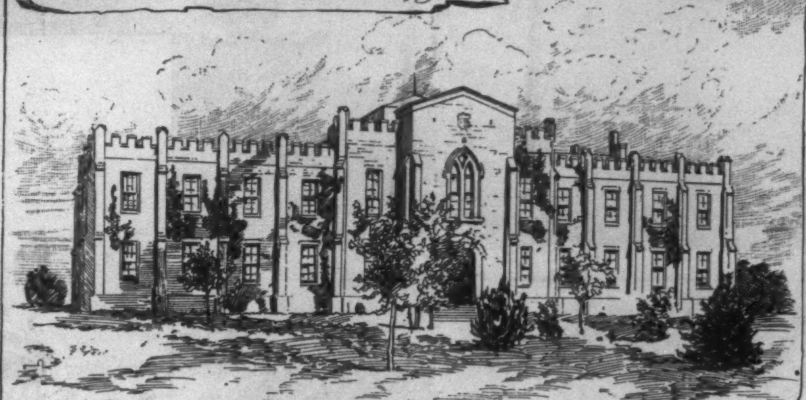

Observatory — Vanderbilt University.

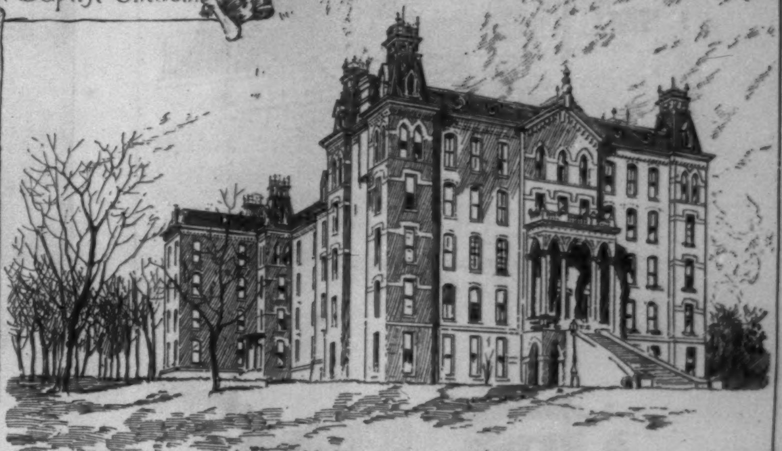

First Baptist Church.

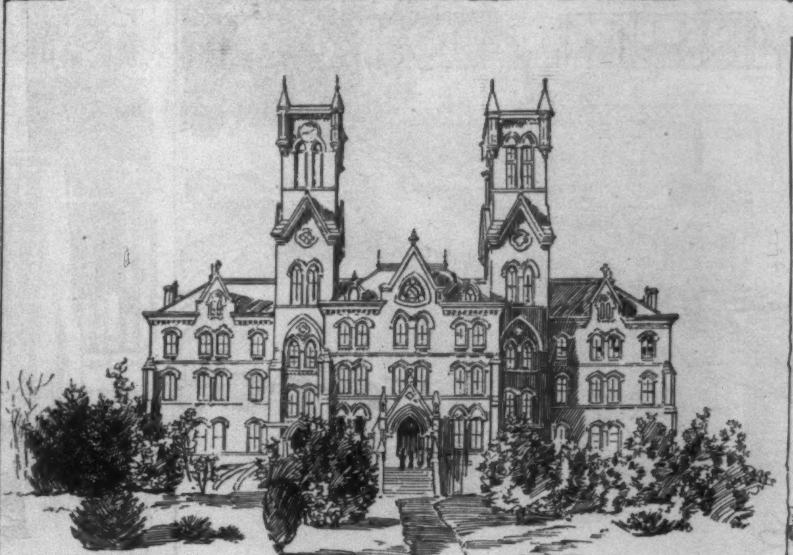

Livingston Hall — Fisk University.

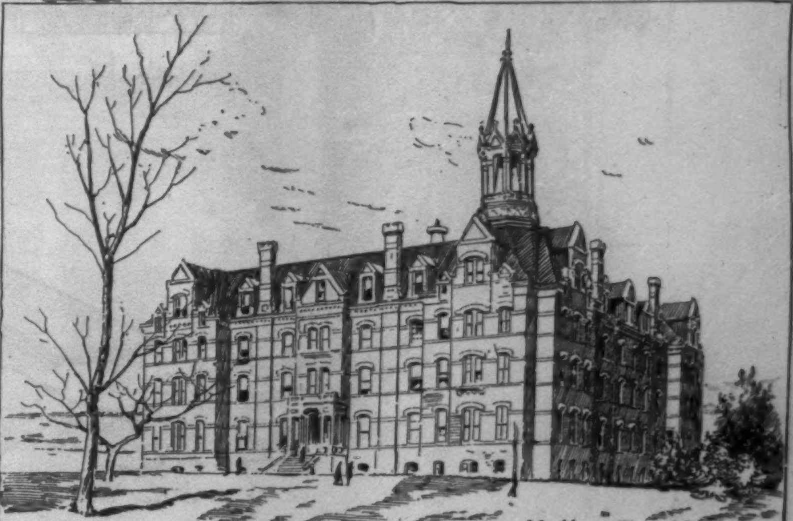

Science Hall — Vanderbilt University.


Gymnasium — Vanderbilt University.

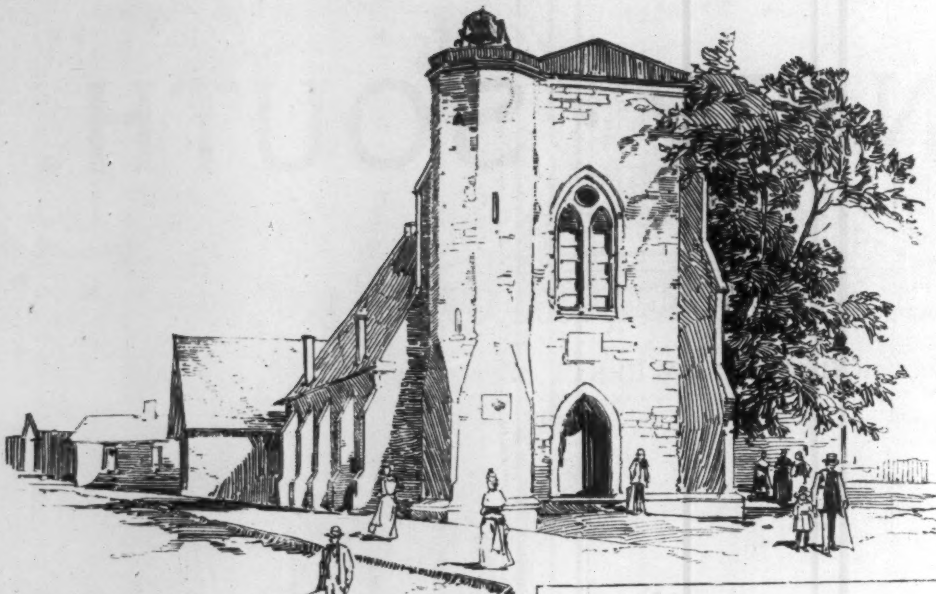

State Normal School.


Wesley Hall — Vanderbilt University.

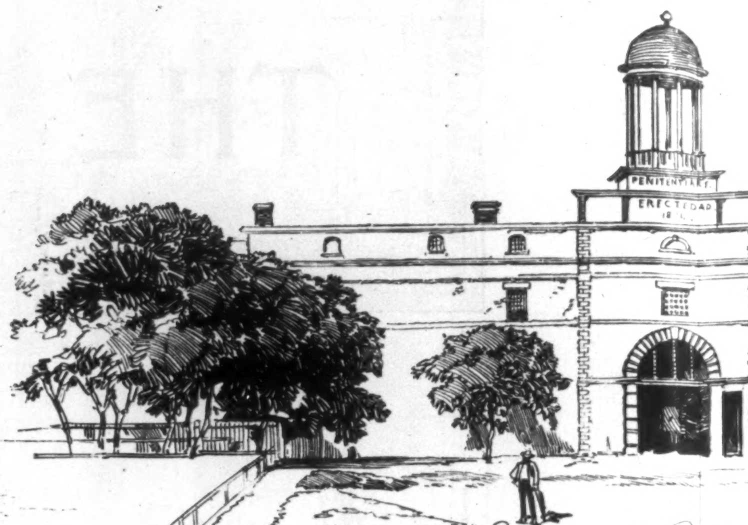

Main Building — Vanderbilt University.


Jubilee Hall — Fisk University.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE—RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.—Drawn by Louis Joutel.—[See Article "The Industrial South," Page 419.]



Trinity Church



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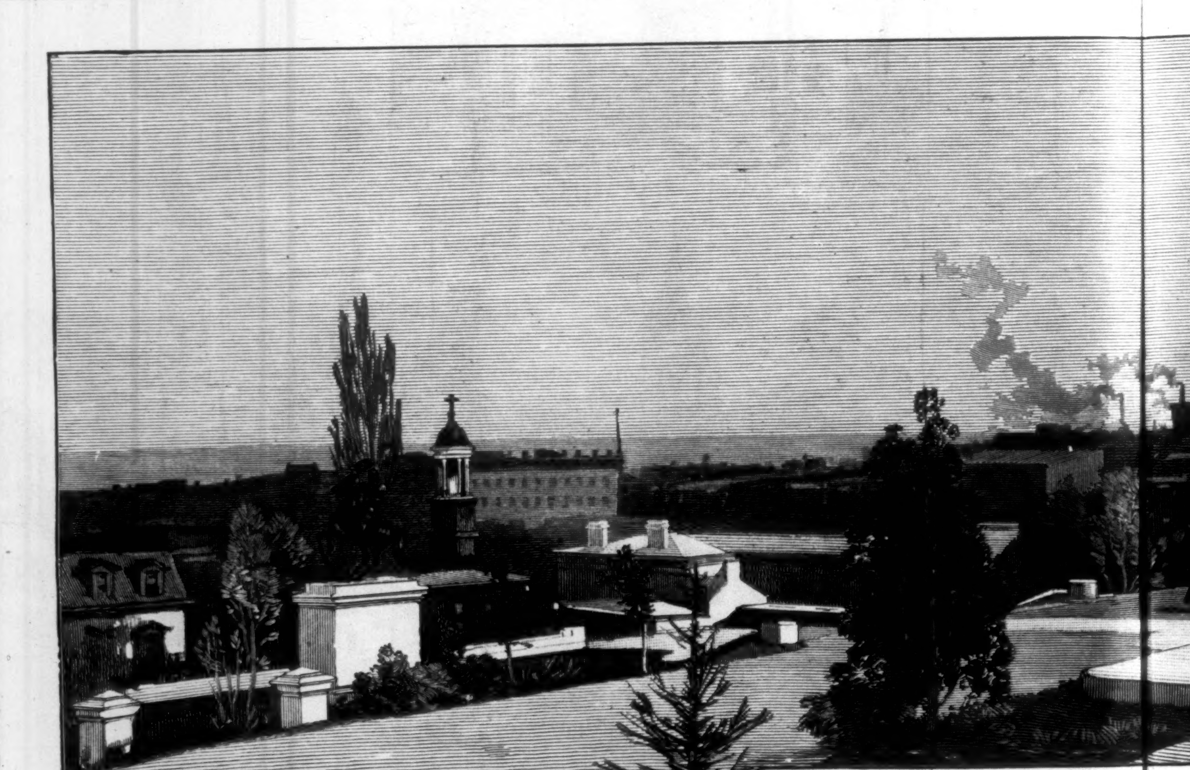
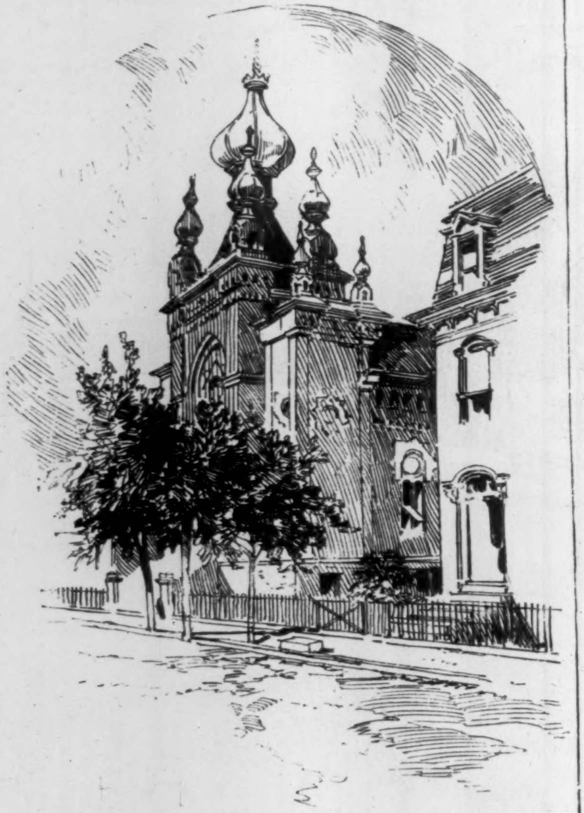
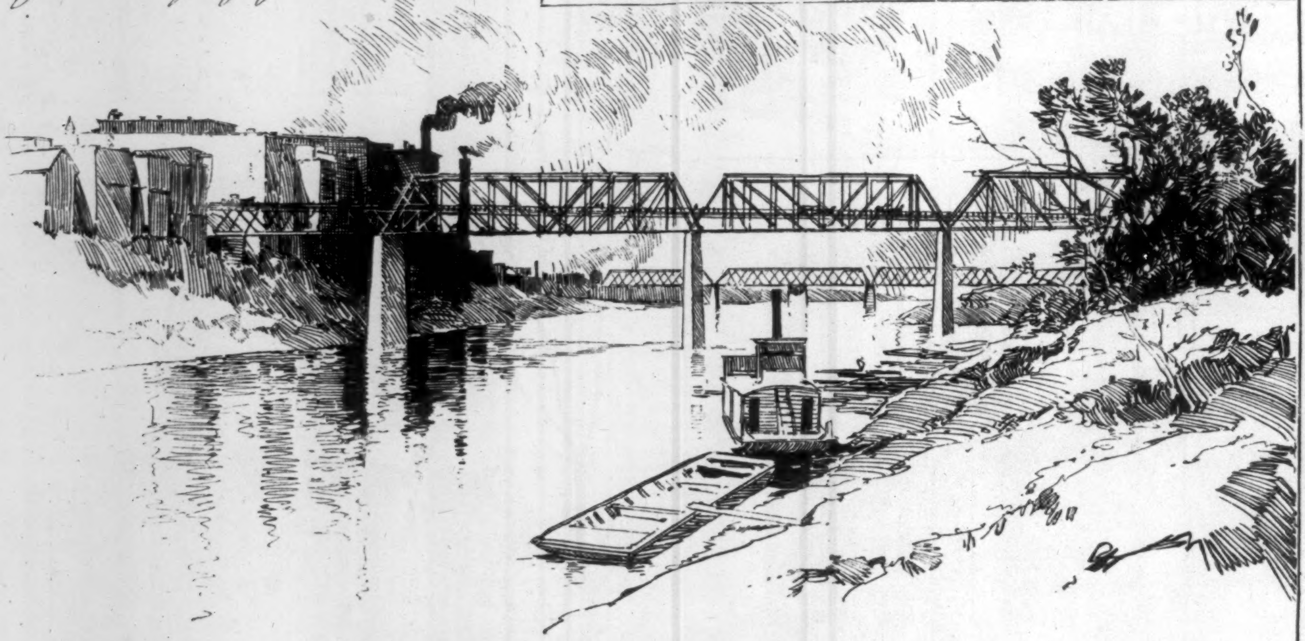
Entrance to Peniten

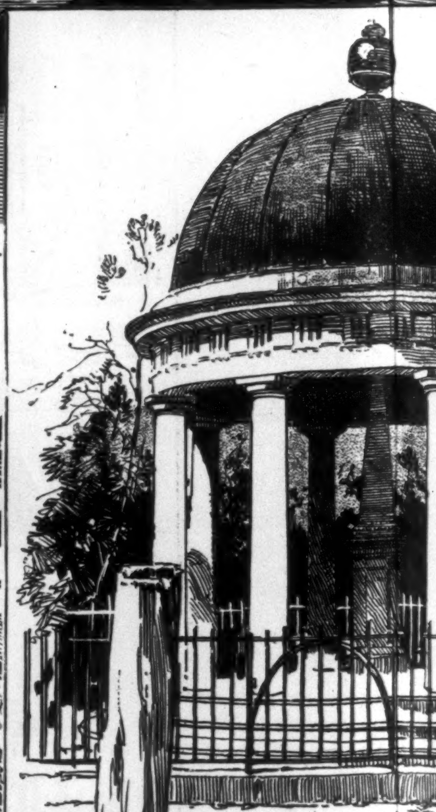




Jewish Synagogue

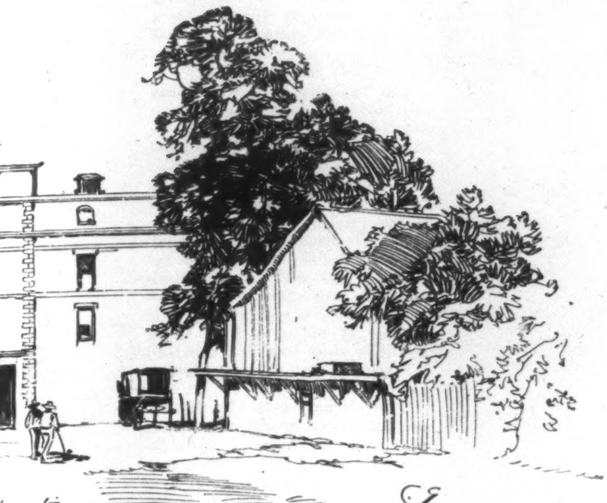


The Bridges

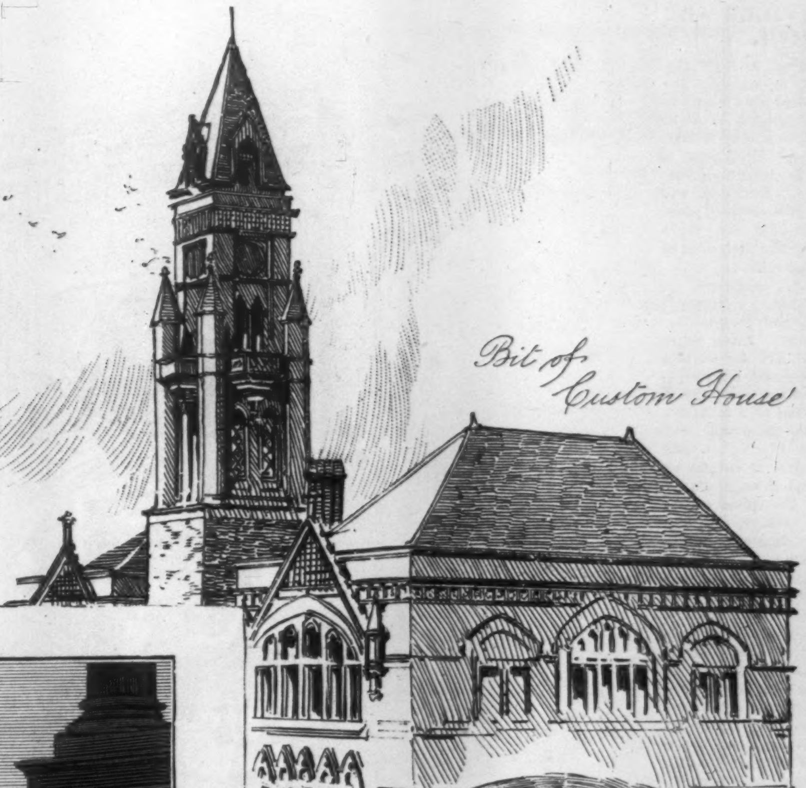


Grave of Ja

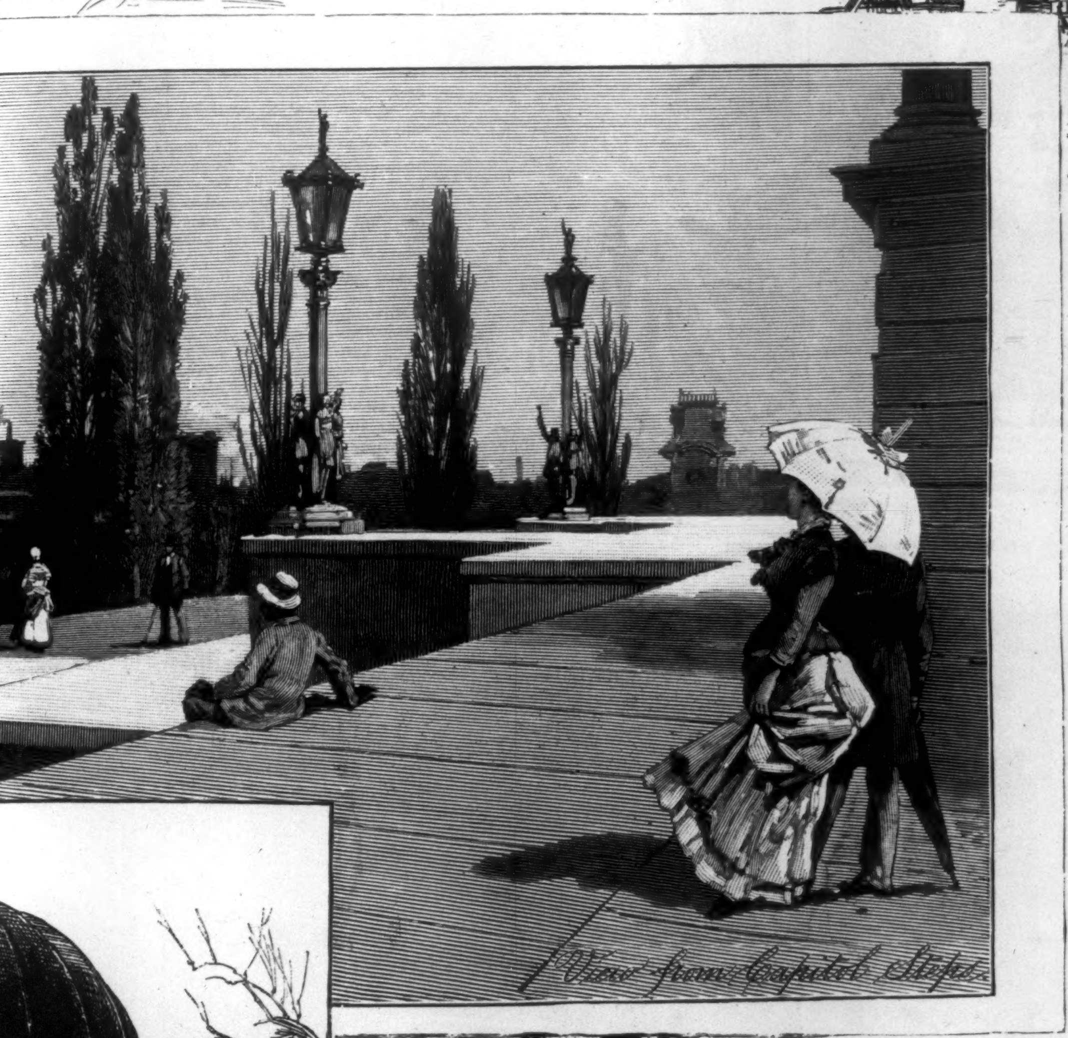
SKETCHES IN AND AROUND NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.—Drawn by



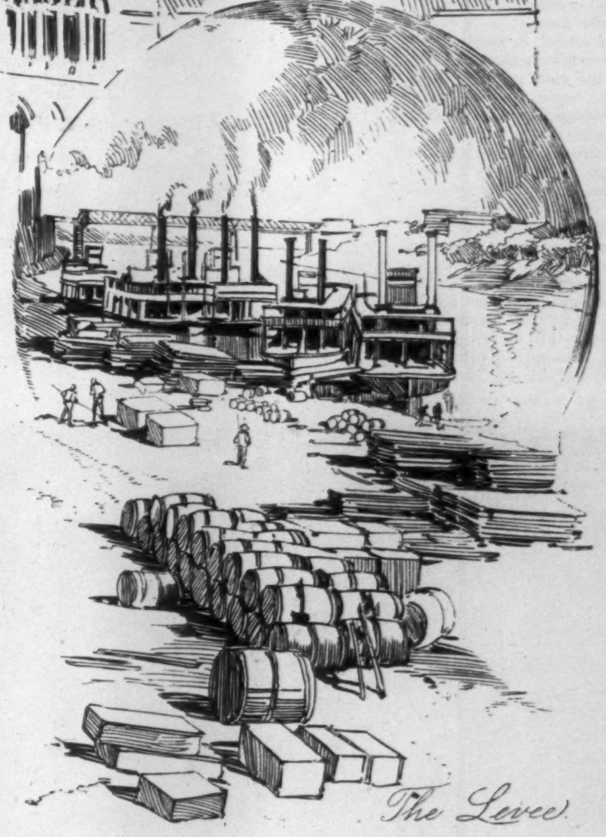
tentiary



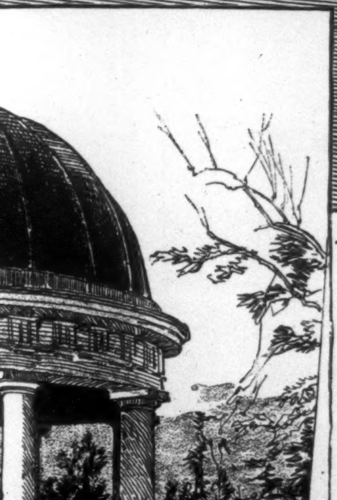
Bit of Custom House



View from Capitol Steps



The Levee



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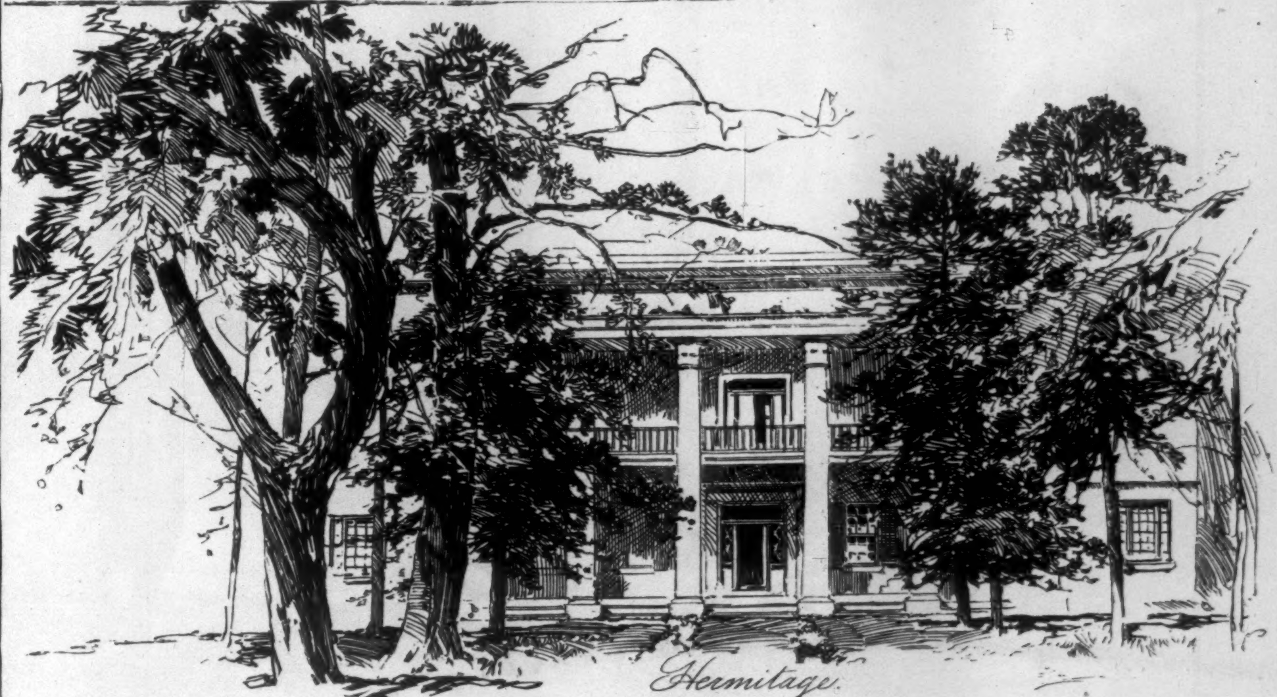


Hermitage.

Charles Graham.—[See Article "The Industrial South," Page 419.]

THE NASHVILLE ART SCHOOL.

It is encouraging to note that while the South is steadily progressing in practical matters, a corresponding advancement is being made in the cultivation of a taste for the beautiful. Evidences of this can be seen in Atlanta, Savannah, New Orleans, Memphis, and Nashville—the last-mentioned place having taken a decided and praiseworthy step by the establishment of a well-equipped art school.

Nashville is justly celebrated for her many institutions of learning, and the liberality and progressiveness of her citizens. A few years ago the Nashville Art Association was formed—composed of professional and lay members—its object being the cultivation of a taste for the fine arts among the people, and the encouragement of better rewards for artists of merit. It sought to accomplish this end through stated meetings for the discussion of art subjects, lectures, essays, etc., the acquisition, for permanent exhibition, of works of art and general art property, and such yearly exhibitions as might be found practicable. It has already held two important exhibitions of pictures, and through this influence and the quiet, steady work in the association a very marked desire has been aroused for a sound and legitimate art knowledge. It is managed by officers interested in the advancement of sincere art, and has a membership of a hundred and seventy-five. Thus encouraged, the association formed a regular art school, in which pupils may be thoroughly trained in drawing from the cast and the living model — the same methods being used as those employed by the best European schools.

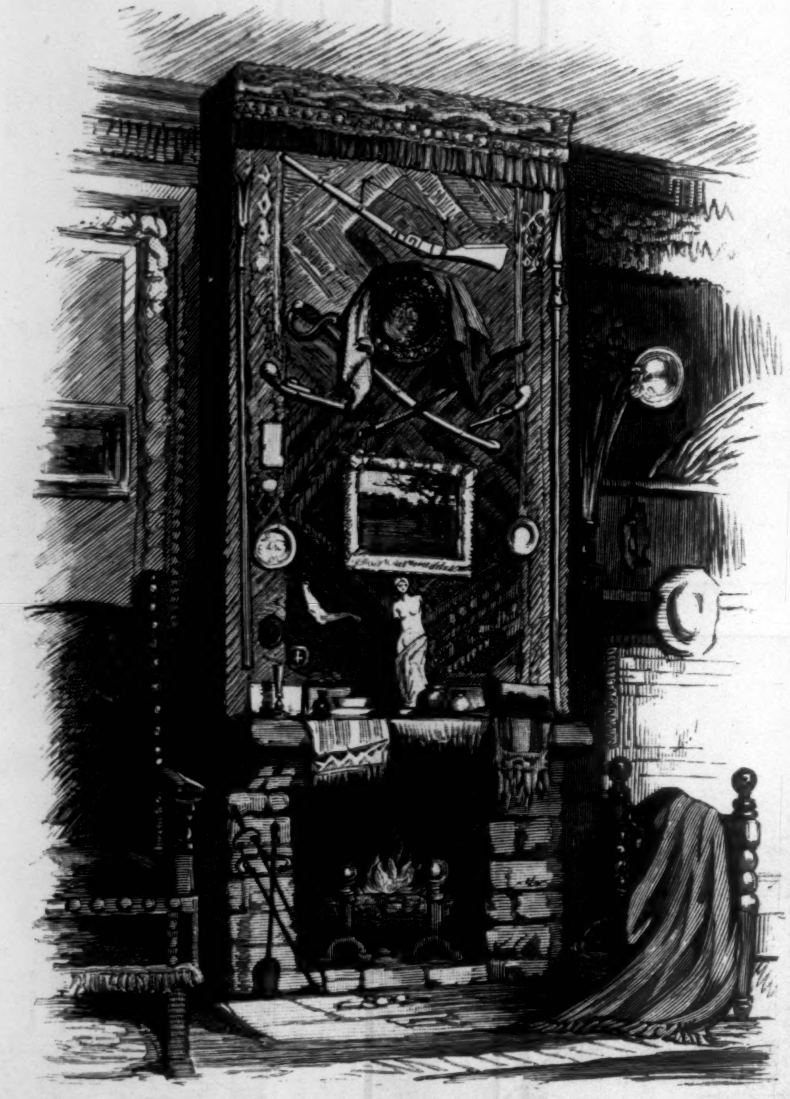
This is truly a decorative age, and a knowledge of drawing will be of much service to the younger generation. It does not necessarily follow that only those intending to make art a profession in the strictest sense should learn to draw, but the artisan, or general workman, no less than the designer, becomes all the more intelligent and capable of properly doing his work by being acquainted with correct principles. For this reason drawing should be more generally taught and understood, and particularly in the South, where the people are accumulating means, it will naturally follow that they will wish to build beautiful homes. There is undoubtedly a promising field opening up in that part of the country for the artist, the architect, and the artisan.

The Nashville Art School has been fortunate in securing the assistance of Mr. **George W. Chambers**, formerly of St. Louis (a pupil of **Gérôme** and **Julien Dupré**), who has exhibited with decided success for three seasons at the Salon and in the principal American exhibitions. He understands thoroughly the work before him, and has begun the task with much enthusiasm and earnestness. The school opened last fall with a reasonable number of pupils of both sexes, and has since steadily increased throughout the different departments.

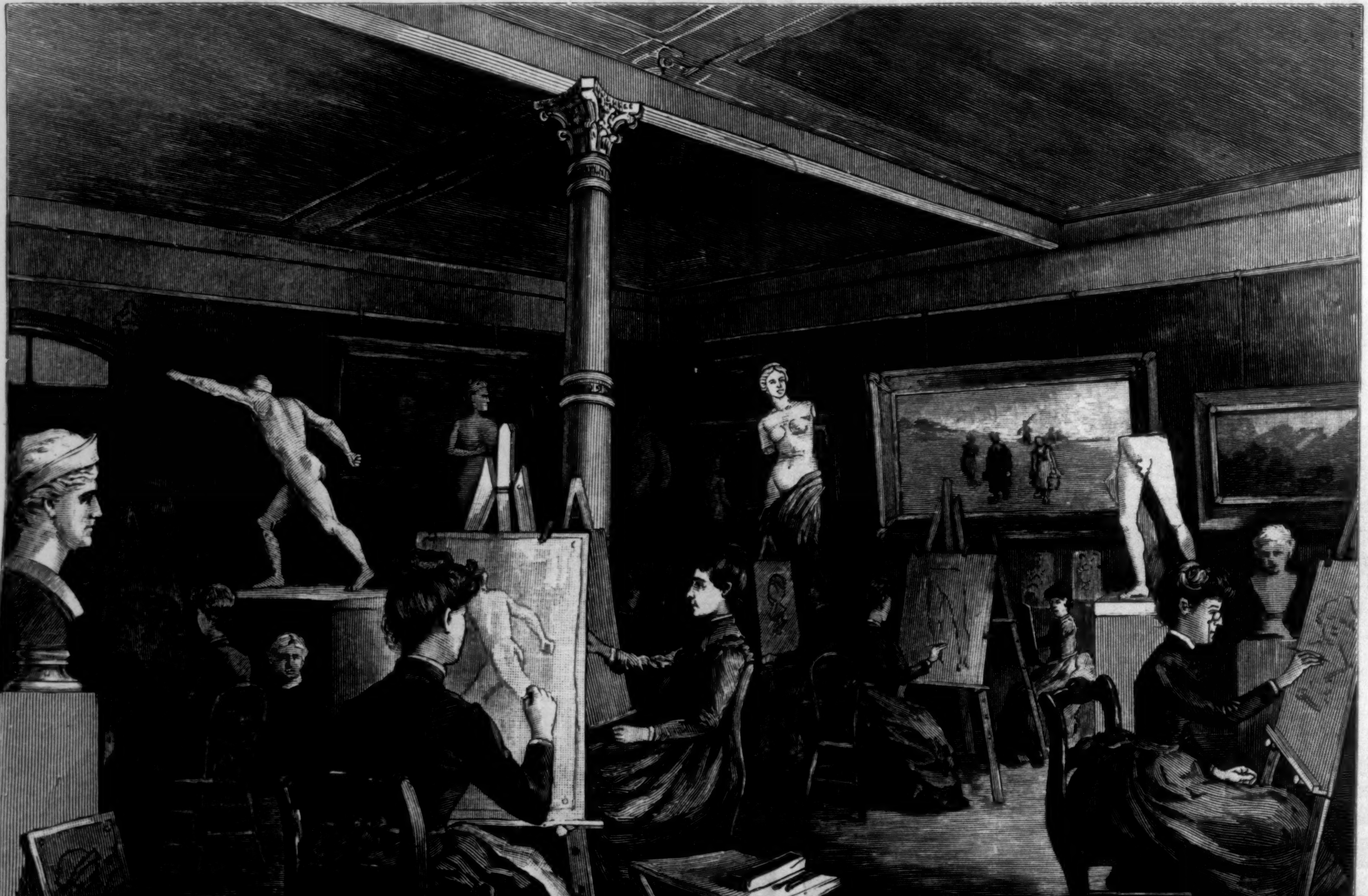
There is no reason why this enterprising city should not in the near future be known as the Southern art centre. Its accessible situation and many natural advantages certainly point in that direction, and as soon as it becomes generally known that first-class instruction can be obtained it will easily become a rallying-point for Southern talent, which might otherwise find its way into Northern schools. The recent movement in Southern Literature, of which an interesting account was given in the May number of **Harper's Magazine**, has not yet been accompanied by an equally notable movement in Southern Art; but when the latter does come it is not unlikely to find its centre in Nashville.

The accompanying illustration shows one of the art classes, which in all its details resembles that of a full-fledged art school. The sketch of "a Nashville studio" was a cozy little retreat which the "**Harper** party" enjoyed with considerable zest, after having gone through coal-mines and having inspected other industrial triumphs. Its walls are hung with relics and bric-à-brac from different parts of Europe, and the interesting and clever studies which adorn it would do credit to a New York studio.

Horace Bradley.



A NASHVILLE STUDIO.—Drawn by Horace Bradley.



A CLASS AT WORK IN THE SCHOOL OF THE NASHVILLE ART ASSOCIATION.—Drawn by Horace Bradley.